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SCREENLAND

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Mr. and Mrs.
Tyrone Power

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Cobina Wright's Inside Story On Ty's Marriage To Linda!

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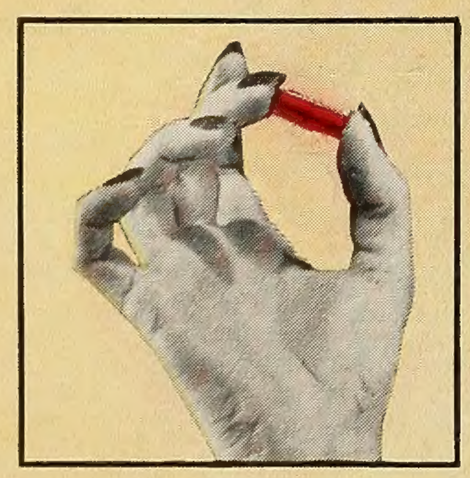

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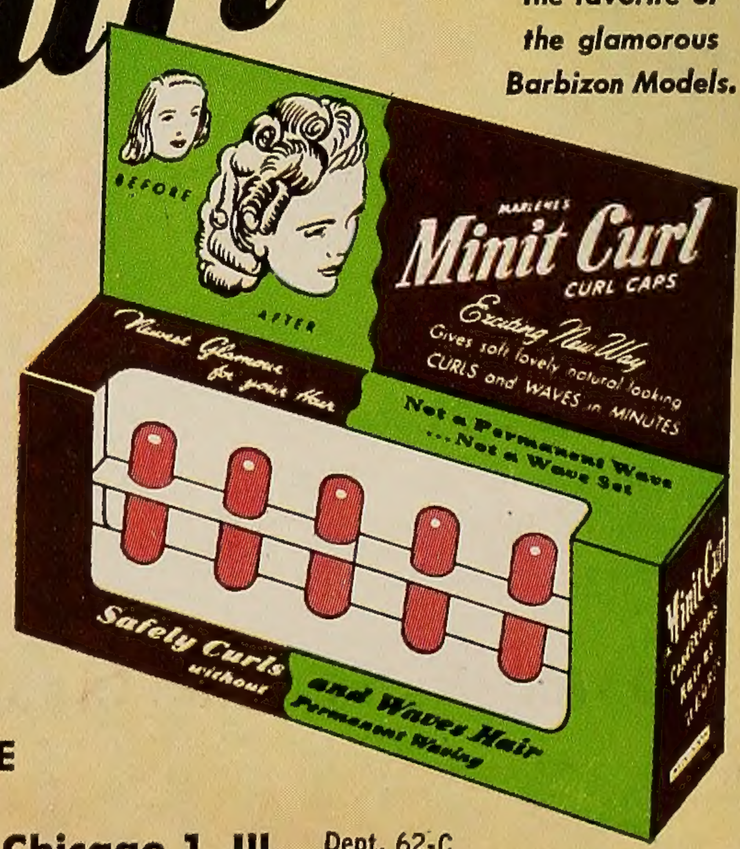

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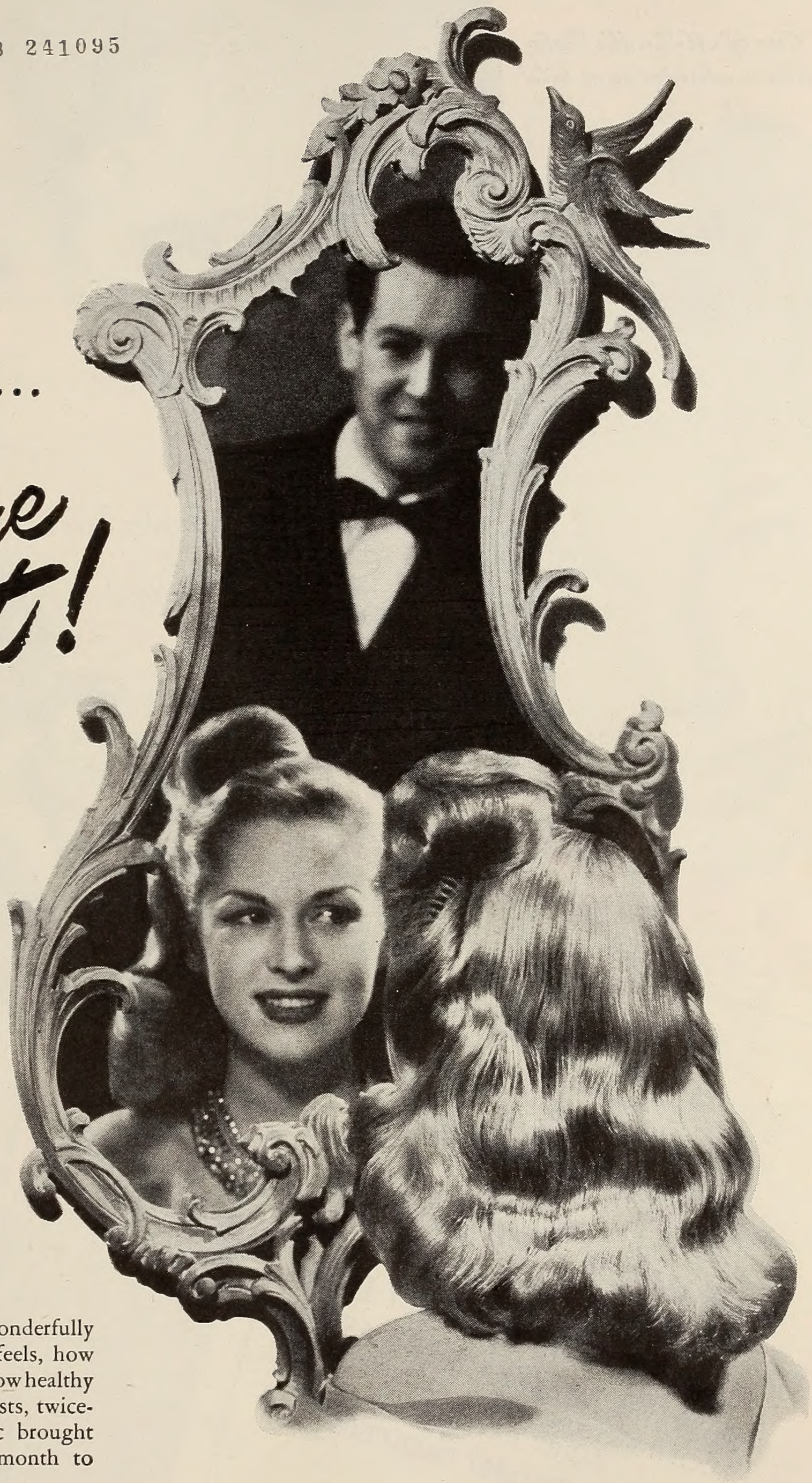

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Then be on the lookout for infectious dandruff, so prevalent, so hard to get rid of.

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SCREENLAND

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

First Run Features

Gene's Greatest Triumph . . . . . *Gene Schrott* 22
Because Gene Tierney fights for what she wants, her marriage is still alive

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About . . . . . *Lynn Bowers* 24
The stars themselves enjoy the gossip as much as you do

Candid Portrait . . . . . *Jack Holland* 26
Impressions and revelations of little known Joan Crawford

No Pretense About Bob . . . . . *Ben Maddox* 29
Robert Taylor is the best answer to what's fine about Hollywood

It Is To Blush . . . . . *Fredda Dudley Balling* 35
Coping with embarrassing moments is John Lund's toughest problem

Hobbies Come, Hobbies Go . . . . . *Marcia Howard* 36
To Susan Hayward there's nothing quite so fascinating as a new hobby

What A Girl Needs Most . . . . . *Barry Farrar* 42
June Haver contends an even disposition is your most important asset

Lovable Bachelor . . . . . *Dorothy O'Leary* 49
Happy, easy-going Barry Fitzgerald is casual about everything but his work

Right Off The Record . . . . . *Fred Robbins* 51
Latest list of records reviewed by popular disk jockey

Exclusive Color Photos

Ann Blyth, starring in "Black Velvet" 28
Van Johnson, starring in "Mother Is A Freshman" 32
Patricia Neal, starring in "The Fountainhead" 34

The Hollywood Scene

Party Gossip . . . . . *Cobina Wright* 6
Your Guide To Current Films . . . . . *Helen Hendricks* 12
Newsreel 19
A Big Girl Now *(Margaret O'Brien)* 20
Backstage Visit *(Lon McCallister)* 30
Look Who's Playing Bits! 31
Pasternak Party 33
Meanest Mug In Movies *(Kirk Douglas)* 38
Africa Screams—And How! 40
We Were Strangers 41
Kissing Lesson 44
Jolson Sings Again *(Larry Parks)* 45
Back Home With Peggy *(Peggy Cummins)* 48
SCREENLAND Salutes John Derek *(for "Knock On Any Door")* 50

For Femmes Only

Color Goes To Your Head . . . . . *Courtenay Marvin* 16
In The Spring A Young Girl's Fancy . . . . . *Jacquelyn Ross* 46
Guide To Glamour 58

ON THE COVER, TYRONE POWER, 20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR, AND HIS WIFE, LINDA CHRISTIAN

MAY, 1949

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Don't be Half-safe!

by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

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the Tampax Girl is easy in her mind!

Ask her—and she'll probably freely admit that her attitude towards "those days" underwent a decided improvement the first month she used Tampax for sanitary protection.

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NO ODOR

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian at their colorful wedding ceremony in Rome.

NO romance in which either Linda Christian or Tyrone Power have played on the screen, can approach the real-life love story which finally brought them together in marriage in Rome last January 27th.

In fact, if Hollywood, itself, had planned it as a production they couldn't have "dreamed up" a more ideal situation for a motion picture; and their wedding, of course, exceeded even the most fantastic flights of a screen writer's imagination.

Not since the days of the "triumphs" of the Caesars has there been such a mob scene as when Linda and Ty, who are two of the happiest people I know today, walked arm-in-arm out of the church of Santa Francesca Romana on that sunny Winter morning! *(Please turn to page 9)*

Ty signs the marriage register as Linda and Msgr. William Hemmick look on.

YOU COULDN'T TELL A TRAITOR FROM A HERO

....and SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS NOBODY CARED!

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS

KIP.. His six-guns fought both sides for that South of St. Louis woman!

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BURNS.. Even for men who had their price he raised his too high!

DEB The flash of her eyes fooled you but the flash of her gun never did!

All its thousand-mile span of spectacular adventure in color by TECHNICOLOR

BLACK COTTRELL.. Across the land his name was 'Black'. It was the color of his heart.

THE RANGER. He pulled the trigger first and asked questions later!

JAKE Among men of iron all he could think of was gold!

With thunder-clap violence comes this never-told chapter of Southwest history—presented by

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DIRECTED BY **RAY ENRIGHT** · **A UNITED STATES PICTURE** · PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

WITH **DOUGLAS KENNEDY** · **ALAN HALE**

WRITTEN BY **ZACHARY GOLD** AND **JAMES R. WEBB**

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It's your Big Springtime ADVENTURE-Thrill from Warner Bros.!

THE GIRL WHOSE VOICE MAKES MILLIONS OF RECORDS WHIRL NOW BRINGS YOU AN ALL-TIME RECORD IN MUSICAL SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT FROM WARNER BROS!
DORIS DAY
...Singing sensation of the Bob Hope Radio Show!
"MY DREAM IS YOURS"
The story of a love-song that swept a girl to star-glittering fame!
A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
HEAR THE DREAM-HITS THEY'RE ALL SINGING
MY DREAM IS YOURS
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
LOVE FINDS A WAY
I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
(LYRIC BY AL DUBIN)
STARRING
JACK CARSON · DORIS DAY · LEE BOWMAN
WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU · EVE ARDEN · S.Z. "CUDDLES" SAKALL
SELENA ROYLE · FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA · DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ AND DANE LUSSIER
MUSIC BY HARRY WARREN · LYRICS BY RALPH BLANE · MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINDORF
WB
It's your Big Easter-time MUSICAL-Thrill from Warner Bros.!

Following the ceremony in the church of Santa Francesca Romana in Rome, Ty and Linda cut their wedding cake at a breakfast given by U. S. Ambassador James C. Dunn in the Embassy. Ty has just completed "Prince Of Foxes" and will now do "The Black Rose" in England and North Africa. Linda has given up her career.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

The medieval church, which is near the famous Coliseum, was such a mass of white flowers that it almost kept the counts and countesses, the princes and the princesses who attended, from witnessing the ceremony. Linda told me that she and Ty picked this particular church because it was so like St. Peter's which they visited together on their first sightseeing tour of the ancient city in 1947. The church has a sunken sanctum with forty steps leading up to the altar rail before which Linda and Ty knelt on white lilacs as Monsignor William Hemmick, of Washington, D. C., made them man and wife.

Linda was a vision in a gown by Madame Fontana, one of Italy's top designers, who put fifty yards of satin, seventy yards of lace, two thousand pearls and countless hours of work into the creation. In fact, she put so much time in this one nuptial robe that Linda had the new Roman couturier, Shuberth, do most of the rest of her $12,000 trousseau.

Meanwhile, outside the church, thousands of "Tifosi" *(the Italian equivalent of bobby-soxers)* were having a real Ro-

Deborah Kerr admires Cobina Wright's jewelry at the Damon Runyon Benefit at fabulous Ocean House. Deborah's film inactivity is No. 1 Hollywood mystery today.

Carl Brisson, Rosalind Russell and Cobina Wright at Damon Runyon Benefit at Ocean House. Carl is Rosalind's father-in-law. Cobina is Hollywood's outstanding social leader.

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At beauty counters everywhere in 10 glamorous shades. 2 rinses 10¢; 6 rinses 25¢.

Nestle COLORINSE with Lurium in a brand new package

NESTLE – originators of permanent waving – Meriden, Connecticut

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

man holiday, screaming "Leenda," "Leenda" and "Ty, il magnifico!" which Romans, like the rest of the world that loves a lover, have dubbed the handsome young actor.

Actually, the only time Linda was really nervous was after the ceremony. She said, when she saw that horde of excited faces break through the police lines and swarm over the limousine which was taking them to a special audience with the Pope, she became really frightened and Tyrone had to hold both her cold hands to keep them from shaking.

Ty was only nervous before the wedding because Linda was one half-hour late getting to the church. This was due to the traffic snarl and not to a last minute delay about the legal procedure which he said he had feared. Just like a movie plot there was almost a before-the-hour hitch, due to the time change which didn't make his divorce from Annabella legal in California until that morning. But as the scenario would have had it, the villainous legal papers were foiled,

Humphrey Bogart drops in at MGM to hear Betty Garrett wax the "Humphrey Bogart Rumba."

and Mr. and Mrs. Power could stand before his Papal Majesty and receive his blessing!

The Pope gave Linda a special rosary and a booklet of "Instructions about the Good Christian Family," while he presented Tyrone with a rare pontifical medallion.

Following the wedding reception and breakfast, it was with a sigh of relief over all the threatened obstacles, that the lovers took off for that honeymoon which was to carry them to Switzerland, Austria, North Africa, Scotland and finally to London where Tyrone is making "The Black Rose," before returning to the United States.

This was the climax to a romance which, as I said before, was as fanciful as any film story, and one I think you would enjoy knowing about.

Actually, it was a case of love at second sight, because Linda and Ty had met before that star-crossed day of November 6, 1947, in Rome. The fabled Rome meeting took place on that date, which was the day that Linda and her little sister, Ariadne, checked into the same hotel where Tyrone Power was staying. Linda and Ariadne were en route to visit their

(*Please turn to page* 74)

Cornel Wilde and Barbara Lawrence going over scripts for Hollywood Star Theatre show.

Below: Red Skelton can't resist clowning as Janet Blair reads her lines at radio rehearsal.

HE SAW IT HAPPEN...

but nobody will believe him!

Nobody . . . nobody but the killers! And now, because he knows *too* much . . . *his* life is in danger!

RKO PRESENTS

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DORE SCHARY In Charge of Production

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Daringly Filmed ON NEW YORK'S TEEMING EAST SIDE!

RKO RADIO PICTURES

your guide to CURRENT FILMS

By
Helen Hendricks

Macdonald Carey and Paulette Goddard plot together in "Bride Of Vengeance."

Maureen O'Hara and Melvyn Douglas in the RKO picture, "A Woman's Secret."

Lawyer Humphrey Bogart tries to comfort John Derek in "Knock On Any Door."

The Bribe

MGM

FAST moving and full of suspense. Robert Taylor plays a T-Man sent to an island off the coast of Central America to find out the whys and wherefores of a gang dealing in the illegal sale of airplane engines. While there, Bob meets up with some grim doings, one of which is a bout with a man-eating shark, and also, he falls in love with one of his suspects, Ava Gardner, a cafe singer married to ex-Army pilot, John Hodiak. Incidentally, another suspect is Charles Laughton, the pay-off and contact man for the brain of the racket—he's nothing short of terrific as the menace whose feet hurt constantly. Though the picture is quite long, the pace doesn't slacken and finishes off with a spectacular death scene of villain Vincent Price.

Knock On Any Door

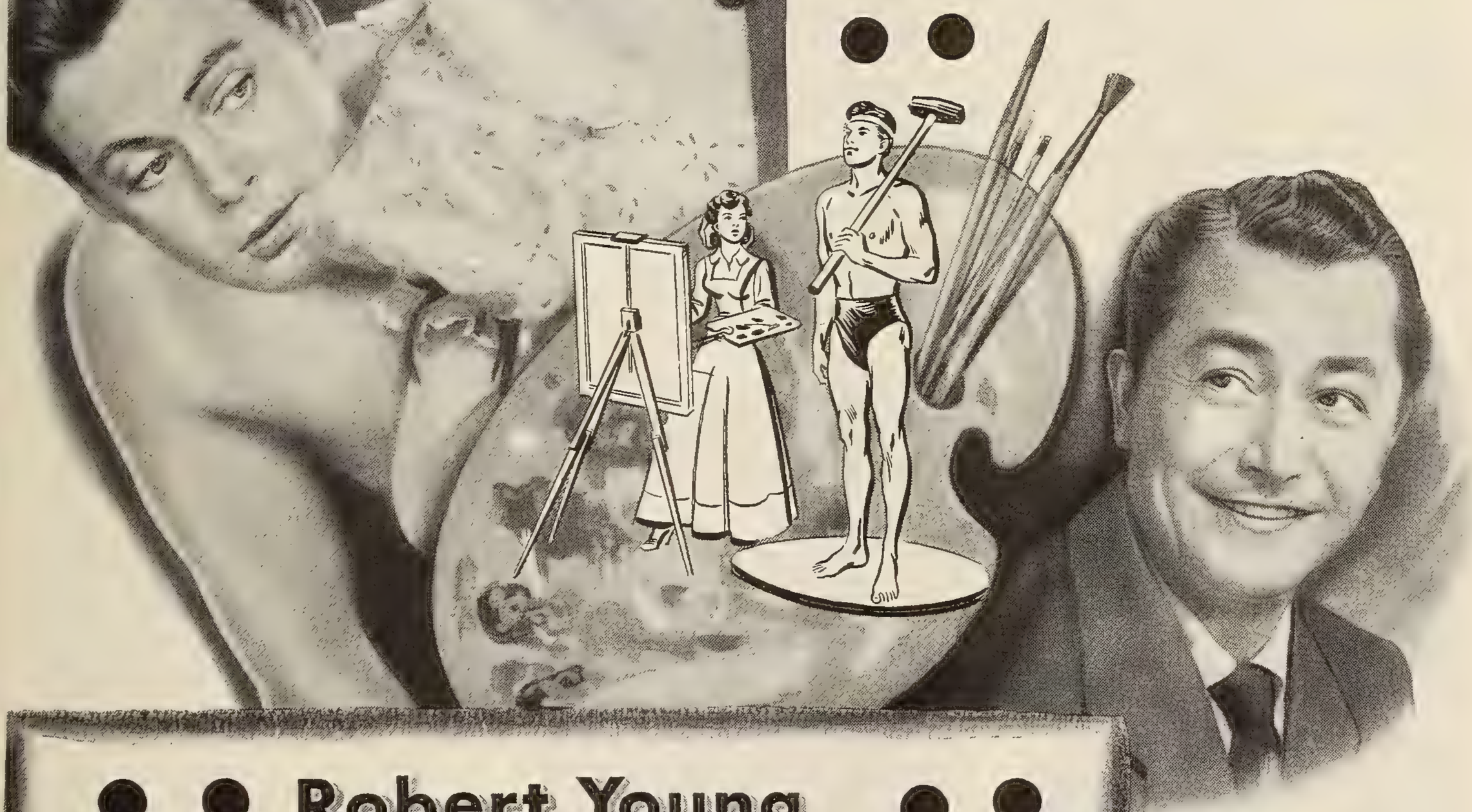
Columbia

A POWERFULLY emotional and gripping film dealing with how a criminal is created out of a boy who could, normally, have benefited society. A product of the slums, you are first introduced to him, newcomer John Derek, when he is caught in a police dragnet

"NICE" GIRLS DON'T DO SUCH THINGS!...

—*but She did!*

The warm, wonderful, completely delightful adventures of a lively Miss . . . whose *very* modern ideas simply made even her boy-friend wonder whether she was woman, witch, or what!



Robert Young

Shirley Temple · John Agar

in

Adventure in Baltimore

A DORE SCHARY Presentation • Produced by Richard H. Berger

Directed by Richard Wallace • Screenplay by Lionel Houser

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Oh, the things they said... about the things she did!

In "The Bribe," T-Man Bob Taylor falls in love with Ava Gardner, his prisoner's wife.

after a policeman is killed during an attempted hold-up of a fourth-rate dance hall. Because of his past criminal record, baby-faced Derek is finally tagged as the No. 1 suspect though he denies any implication in the cold-blooded murder.

Against his better judgment, since he, better than anyone, knows Derek's past history, Lawyer Humphrey Bogart, who incidentally is seen in one of his best roles, takes the case. When they finally go to trial, it is Bogart's summation of the boy's life which brings out in flashback what turned him into a suspected killer. And what the audience sees is almost sickening because there, but for a slight turn in the road, could be anyone close to you, and there, at this very minute, Derek's story is becoming fact, not fiction, in the slums of the United States. Bogart points out that it is not a question of character, because, like Derek, character can take an awful shellacking by circumstances. The death of Derek's father, in prison, the poverty, and the environment cast the die. The bitterness in Derek's soul even extended to his young wife and destroyed the only good thing he ever knew.

In addition to being an eye-opener, this film has suspense, excellent dialogue, tense courtroom scenes, and fine acting—all of which puts it in the A plus class.

Although Mona Freeman marries Ranger William Holden, she at first loves badman Macdonald Carey in "Streets Of Laredo," a Technicolor Western.

Night club entertainer Greta Gynt charms the patrons with her performance in this scene in J. Arthur's Rank's "Easy Money," an E. L. release.

Down To The Sea In Ships

20th Century-Fox

AN EXCITING saga of the old whaling days and "thar she blows" sort of thing. With Lionel Barrymore as the vinegary, but stout-hearted, old skipper about to be retired, and his young grandson, Dean Stockwell, there are the full quota of tense scenes and a number of emotional ones. Trouble starts when Dean begins to idolize the first mate, Richard Widmark—yup, you read right—making Lionel jest a mite bit jealous. When Widmark goes against the captain's orders, and endangers the ship to rescue Dean from the briny deep, after a whaling foray, he is ordered to leave ship at the next port of call. En route, the captain becomes ill and Widmark takes over, which suits Dean just fine since he has grown to hate his grandfather. Though Widmark tries to reason with the boy and show him where his grandfather is right, Dean isn't buying. As they head for the nearest port and a doctor, the whaler smashes into a fog enshrouded iceberg. Just when things look hopeless and the crew is preparing to abandon ship, Skipper Barrymore appears on deck and takes over command. Safely afloat again, Dean acquires a new understanding of his grandfather and asks the dying man's forgiveness. This is definitely the family-type picture at its best, with many thrilling moments and salty atmosphere. Widmark, as you may gather, is playing his first sympathetic role—which is a top performance.

South Of St. Louis
(Technicolor-songs)

Warner Brothers

A ZIPPY Western that has nothing at all to do with St. Louis since the main action takes place in Texas and Mexico during the Civil War. Three fast shooting friends are victims of renegade guerrillas and, cleaned out of all their possessions, hope to rebuild their bank account and ranch. They separate and one, Douglas Kennedy, joins the Confederate army, suh. The other two, Joel McCrea and Zachary Scott, fall into a gun-running business for the Confederates through the influence of saloon-chanteuse Alexis Smith, who goes for Joel in a big way. The boys are cleaning up until ole Zachary gets greedy and the three put a violent end to their staunch friendship. They actually get to hate each other. Kennedy steals Joel's gal—the sweet, gentle one he left back home—and Zachary tries to kill Joel and Kennedy, and Joel wanders down Mexico-way to become a bum. A pack of fun-loving Rover boys, all right, but in the next to the last scene, they once again stand shoulder to shoulder, like in the old days, pumping lead into some rotten critters. Oh! The last scene? Alexis didn't wear those can-can skirts for nothing.

Tarzan's Magic Fountain

RKO

IF you like *Tarzan* pictures, and quite a number of people do, this should fit the bill for you. With Lex Barker as the new *Tarzan,* and Brenda Joyce as his wife, *Jane,* the pair discover a noted aviatrix, missing for twenty years, and who is living with natives in a hidden valley. Also in the valley is a fountain of youth and to sip of its waters means rejuvenation. Albert Dekker also learns of the thing which would put Max Factor, et al, out of business and gets *Jane* to lead him to the valley. The inhabitants of the place become enraged at the influx of all these tourists, especially since Dekker wants to take possession of the fountain, and start tossing flaming arrows around. Fortunately, *Tarzan* appears at the right moment and talks the tribe leader into letting peace prevail now that Dekker is dead. Youngsters of all ages will go for this latest *Tarzan* adventure in a big way.

Canadian Pacific
(Cinecolor)

20th Century-Fox

HERE'S another fast-moving Western, this time hinged on the building of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Randolph Scott is the company surveyor trying to find a pass through the mountains, and meanie Victor Jory is all out to stop

Jack Carson, an agent, tries to help Doris Day, a struggling singer, get a break in "My Dream Is Yours," a sparkling Warner Bros. musical.

In "South Of St. Louis," saloon owner and entertainer Alexis Smith holds her own with gun-runners and toughs, among whom is Zachary Scott.

Randy from doing that little thing. Jam-packed with fist fights, gun fights, Indians on the war path, this even has a woman doctor, who keeps telling Randy to stop with the guns and violence. She, Jane Wyatt, gets him to comply, but luckily not for long. To complicate matters, the doctor and a fiery French-Indian lass are both in a tizz over Randy. If it's action you want, you'll get more than your share, and if Randy survived, so will you.

Bride Of Vengeance
(Technicolor)

Paramount

AGAIN John Lund, this time a 16th Century duke, acts the lame-brain, and Paulette Goddard *(wow!)* as *Lucretia Borgia,* acts as though she doesn't mind taking John as her third husband. However, both have their ulterior motives. John marries Paulette only to gain time in order to stave off invasion of his state, Ferrara, by Lucretia's avaricious, and more than slightly satanic brother, Macdonald Carey. Paulette, in turn, wants nothing more out of the marriage than a chance to spike John's wine goblet with Essence D'Arsenic. She thinks that John had a very definite hand in the murder of her last husband, when all the time it was brother Carey, who is using sis merely to keep John occupied. Everyone is working the motives and double meaning bon mots like crazy until *Lucretia* realizes almost too late that she has made a horrible mistake. Despite the terrific battle scene, in all its medieval horror, and Duke John's sincere desire to save his state and people, this is mainly a comedy of the sexy variety.

My Dream Is Yours
(Technicolor-musical)

Warner Brothers

CUTE, enjoyable and light, this is about an advertising agency man, Jack Carson, and his trials and tribulations when he discovers a new, talented singer, Doris Day. Only Doris doesn't make quite the hit Jack thinks she will —with the sponsors, that is. She certainly makes a hit with egomaniac crooner, Lee Bowman. After many disappointments, Doris' big moment comes when Lee gets fried, but good, and can't appear on his show. Jack talks the sponsor into letting Doris go on in his place, even though she says no. She's a hit, natch, and Lee disappears. However, she's still in love with the guy and gets Jack to help him make a comeback, which is tough for the huckster to do because he's in love with Doris. His better nature triumphs but Lee is still the same and once back in the public eye, gives Doris the cold shoulder. Doris' eyes are opened and, happily, so are Jack's arms. There's also a cute dream sequence in here done in cartoon with *Bugs Bunny* and *Tweetie Pie.*

John Payne objects to the ruthless way in which Sterling Hayden runs the town in Paramount's "El Paso," and does something about it.

Streets Of Laredo
(Technicolor)

Paramount

MACDONALD CAREY, William Holden and William Bendix are frontier badmen—well, at least all three are at the start of the picture. Separated by an ambush, Holden and Bendix are on their own and, needing money to continue their search for partner Carey, unwittingly get mixed up with some Texas Rangers—so does Carey, only he is taken prisoner. To get their chum out of jail, his friends sign up with the Rangers. They spring him, all right, but instead of following, remain with the Rangers in order to get inside information on all gold shipments and large cattle drives which will be forwarded to Carey. The entire plan is thrown for a loop when Holden and Bendix reluctantly admit they like being Rangers and therefore want no more of Carey and his nefarious schemes. Hearing that, Carey

(Please turn to page 73)

Lionel Barrymore and Richard Widmark as the captain and first mate in "Down To The Sea In Ships," exciting saga of the old whaling days.

Color Goes To Your Head

By Courtenay Marvin

Makeup can glorify your hair as frankly as it does your lips; here are some of the methods

Jane Wyman's shining dark tresses look perennially well with bangs, a fashion that never dates you if it is becoming. Jane appears in "Kiss In The Dark."

Alexis Smith, always a nominee for chic as well as acting, wears her blonde locks in a casual, curly bob. "Any One Can Play" will be Alexis' next picture.

You know this lady, Eve Arden, well from radio, and you will see her in "My Dream Is Yours." The up-sweep is flattering to Eve, is still smart for many.

WHILE "The Boy With Green Hair" is entertaining us and giving us all food for thought, the girl with the pink hair has appeared on the fashion scene. How does she get this way, with this evanescent tint to her curls, half champagne-toned, half a nebulous pink-beige? It comes out of a bottle, an envelope, a jar!

While I am certainly not advocating costume colors for your head generally, it does seem time that the old whispers and unkind remarks regarding a change in hair color go into the discard and we consider the matter frankly in the light of the day.

Once upon a time, hair color change fell into three groups. Brunettes bleached their hair to a harsh, brassy tone, and won themselves the title of bleach-blondes. Other brunettes yearned for a touch of seductive auburn and overdid the business with henna, an old trick of the Egyptians, if you remember. Then there was the lady frankly fortyish who resorted to hair dye. Largely because the effects of these measures were unflattering, as a harsh tone of hair is to any face, they won the epithet of bad taste if not outright condemnation.

Now, all that is changed. Hollywood helped to a large extent. It accustomed us to seeing our favorite star raven-haired in one role, a starry-eyed blonde in the next. Camera and character usually dictated the change, not personal vanity. The most current example, and male, at that, is Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet." Then beauty science in the laboratory stepped in, and the present day result is a thoroughly satisfactory method for almost any reasonable change in hair tone.

There are the brightening rinses that you use after a shampoo to lend new light and lustre to your hair. But that is not all. By the correct choice for your need, usually charted or carefully listed for you, you can use these rinses to increase or decrease color. This decrease in color sometimes spells the difference between flattering and extremely unflattering hair. Especially is this true in the case of the over-bleached hair with its almost metallic sharpness in color. There are redheads whose brilliance of hair is sometimes in sharp contrast to pale skin. There are the heads, usually blonde, over-toasted by the sun to a medley of varying tones. Then, there are the girls whose hair becomes gray or faded early in youth. For such heads, a slight tone-down in color creates a softer harmony with skin. I emphasize this decrease or softening of color because we usually think in the opposite direction of more color and forget that subtraction, rather than addition, may be just what we need.

When we come to the in-between girls, mousey, they used to be called, we have a group that needs more color generally, just a glint of auburn in the sunlight, a ray of rich chestnut under fluorescents. And this is what they will get from the correct tone of finishing rinse.

The natural blonde has a real problem. Corn-colored, wheat

or pure gold, after the 'teens this hair invariably takes to deeper, darker tones, and half of her blonde charm is gone. The best simple answer is a mild, lightening rinse to keep her hair as nearly its original tone as possible and immaculate cleanliness, since oil and dust darken the appearance of all hair.

Up to this time, we have mentioned only the beauty rinses, frankly makeup for your hair. Reliable brands are of pure, certified colors that remain on only from shampoo to shampoo, with exception of the truly lightening rinse which probably does have a continued lightening action. These are as simple to use as the old standbys of lemon or vinegar

For a complete change in hair color, a reliable salon is the answer, because this change requires skill and knowledge. No longer is a girl just a blonde. She is a blonde of a special tone. At a Spring fashion show, the models from the recent Broadway musical, "All For Love," represented four distinct blonde types. One of the leaders in the field of hair coloring has an oil shampoo tint in twenty-four different shades. I recently watched a demonstration of an application. The complete tinting of a drab, grayed head resulted in soft, attractive color and took ten years from the subject's appearance Another, with fair, delicate skin, felt she would be happier if her dark locks took on a burnished auburn tone. The resultant deep auburn of her hair was charming with that skin. This tinting, however, is definitely something for your hairdresser and not for home use. An advance consultation to discover just what tone is best for you is suggested.

When is a change of hair color advisable? That's a very individual problem. So far as the temporary rinses are concerned, they are advised for anyone who would like a spark more color, more sheen and high lights, as well as for those, as I said before, who would like to soften a tone but retain lustre and light, and especially for the beginning of gray where just a touch of color will blend in the colorless hairs and make them much less noticeable. In the bright days ahead, you will find, too, that the rinses may be used to good advantage to soften and blend together streaks from sunburned hair. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why a beauty rinse should not follow each shampoo, especially with the blondes who would like to stay that way

Before changing the color of your hair *permanently*, because this comes under the general class of dye and does not wash out, it is well to be sure of yourself. Be sure that your family, friends and you feel in harmony. Otherwise, you will not welcome the criticism. If you are a professional in modeling, entertaining or any phase of show business, then consider carefully if a change is helpful to your career. If you are graying prematurely, if this hampers you in your career or social life, then a change may be advisable if you do not go to extremes in coloring. To keep a quiet tone of your original hair is wiser than attempting to look something you never were. Certainly if you are contented with your gray or white hair, you can make it beautiful and glamourous by the proper rinse to

(*Please turn to page 55*)

Don't let your daughter marry still in doubt about *these Intimate Physical Facts*

but first make sure your own knowledge is SCIENTIFIC and SOUND!

The practice of vaginal douching has become so widely accepted and used today, it's no longer a question of douching but rather what a woman should put in her douche. And certainly every woman should be made to realize:

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS as ZONITE! Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic they could find on sale for this purpose. And no other type was so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Warns Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It's a pity how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche. They *never* can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Women *should* learn the importance of using only a germicide intended for vaginal douching—one *powerfully* germicidal with deodorizing and dissolving qualities yet one *absolutely safe* to tissues. So why not enjoy ZONITE's great benefits *now*?

Positively Non-Irritating

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury—no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury. Non-poisonous, non-irritating.

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances; helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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GET SET TO HOWL!
That "SITTING PRETTY" Man is back
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Written by Richard Sale, Mary Loos and Mary McCall, Jr. • Based on a Character Created by Gwen Davenport
AND WHAT HAPPENS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN..... to a college!!!
20th CENTURY-FOX

NEWSREEL

The Jack Bennys and Jane Wyman, a sober trio at Slapsy Maxie's. Jane is currently in the Warner comedy, "Kiss In The Dark," with David Niven.

John Payne, currently starring in "El Paso," sits contemplatively by as his wife, Gloria De Haven, talks animatedly across their table in Ciro's.

Dining at Somerset House are Eve Arden, star of CBS comedy series, "Our Miss Brooks," and William Hawes, radio and television writer.

Marlene Dietrich congratulates Olivia de Havilland for winning N. Y. Film Critics' Award for "The Snake Pit."

The cinder in Douglas Dick's eye wins him first aid from Shelley Winters and sympathy from Elaine Howe.

A Big Girl Now

Director Mervyn LeRoy spots Margaret's dress for a scene in Alcott's "Little Women."

WHEN Margaret O'Brien fans see her as Beth in MGM's "Little Women," they'll have to accept the fact that their hazel-eyed honey is no longer the five-year-old who first won their hearts in "Journey For Margaret." Margaret herself is conclusive proof that babyhood is behind her. She's growing tall and slender, her delicately winsome face has lost its baby roundness and her clear guileless eyes have become more serious and adult. But even though she's now a twelve-year-old who gets crushes on boys, likes pretty clothes and vacillates between being a tomboy and a sedate young lady, Margaret has lost none of the sweet and winning charm, the childish dignity that captivated and held a host of ardent fans.

On the set of "Little Women," Margaret and her mother, Gladys, rehearse her lines.

The role of Beth in "Little Women" is perfect for Margaret, who's the same age and just as endearing.

Margaret and Janet Leigh, her sister Meg in the picture, exclaim over a pint-sized pup.

FOR THE FASHION-WISE — FOR THE VALUE-WISE — DELTAH'S *Aida* NECKLACE

Ella Raines

star of "IMPACT"
a Harry Popkin Production
released thru United Artists

Ask your jeweler to show you *Aida*—Deltah's new, lovely, lustrous simulated pearl necklace, graduated and finished with sterling silver clasp. Single strand $4.50, two strand $7.00, three strand $10.00—each a remarkable value! Prices include federal tax . . . Earrings to match.

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SIMULATED PEARLS

Gene's Greatest Triumph

Because Gene Tierney believes in fighting for what she wants, her marriage is still very much alive

Baseless gossip about a romance between Gene and Ty Power, co-stars in "That Wonderful Urge," once helped almost to ruin her marriage.

ONE NIGHT, not long ago, Gene Tierney swept into New York's most exclusive restaurant, the Colony, dripping in sables and satins. She carried her head high. A smile hovered on her lips. She was completely unaware of the covetous glances of the men and the envious stares of the women. At that moment, Gene was the happiest woman in the world. But not a single person in the entire room suspected that the reason for her happiness walked right behind her. He was Oleg Cassini —the husband she had almost lost!

To tell the whole story, it's necessary to shift the scene to Hollywood. For ever since Gene Tierney started to carve a career for herself in films, the residents of the movie colony have included her in that little group of players whose actions were completely baffling and unpredictable. She simply refused to follow the prevailing pattern. Instead of acting like an important movie star, she continued being Gene Tierney.

When most top players were buying fabulous ranches with elaborate swimming pools, five-car garages, guest-houses and barbecue cottages, Gene lived in a simple little home furnished with some Early American antiques her mother had taken out of the attic of the Tierneys' Connecticut home. She drove a medium-priced car while her co-workers sported flashy, custom-built foreign models. She wore cotton frocks and even did her own housekeeping, which, according to Hollywood standards, was outrageous.

But Gene found that by refusing to follow in the footsteps of others, she saved herself from a major tragedy. By remembering (*Please turn to page* 54)

Gene with Christina, the new baby and symbol of the happiness she fought for.

The most important things in Gene's life are her husband, children and home.

By moving to New York, Gene salvaged her marriage to Designer Oleg Cassini. There the two of them have again found honeymoon happiness.

By Gene Schrott

John **PAYNE** · Gail **RUSSELL** · Sterling **HAYDEN** · George "Gabby" **HAYES** · Dick **FORAN**

How the law was brought to a gun-riddled...feud-ridden border-town of lawlessness. This is the story of the "Coffin Corner of Texas" in the lusty era when ambush in the night made the Rio Grande run red!

in Paramount's

EL PASO

Color by CINECOLOR

with

Eduardo Noriega · Henry Hull · Mary Beth Hughes
H. B. Warner · Bobby Ellis · Directed by Lewis R. Foster

Based on a story by J. Robert Bren and Gladys Atwater
Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster · A Pine-Thomas Production

What Hollywood Itself Is

Gene Tierney, with John Stanley during rehearsal of NBC's "Cavalcade Of America."

Burt Lancaster and Georgia Gibbs, songstress, at supper party in the Stork Club.

Dennis O'Keefe spoils a restful moment for his co-star, Gail Russell, on the set of "The Great Dan Patch," a United Artists release. Gail's dating Guy Madison again.

The newlyweds, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, having fun during honeymoon in Gotham.

Dan Dailey gets a delightful earful listening to playback on "You're My Everything" set.

The stars themselves enjoy the gossip as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

IF THERE is a movie fan left who thinks a star's life is all fudge and orchids, this little tale about Barbara Stanwyck's last day on "The Lady Gambles" oughta clear up that illusion. U-I had carefully hoarded the scene she was to do until the picture's end for the very good reason that Miss S. was going to get a good beating from a bunch of guys she'd been shooting craps with. All day long the scene was shot on an unheated set, temperature 25°. And all day long Stanny took her beating. Next day she spent in bed nursing bruises and a bad case of pleurisy, which she hadn't bothered to tell anybody about.

—o—

There were a few red faces in Hollywood, worn by those who swore Ty Power and Linda Christian would never be Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, director of Ty's last picture, "Prince Of Foxes," returned from Rome with the report that Italian fans really let go with Latin enthusiasm over Ty. It wasn't that way ten years ago when he made "White Sister" and "Romula" over there. At that time, he said, nobody even noticed stars when the cameras were clicking.

—o—

And it looks as though the long and well-traveled road to romance will lead Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan right back to Hollywood after their marriage. Our personal opinion is that Rita will keep right on making pictures and fans will keep right on crowding the box-office to see her.

Another homing pigeon, Lana Turner, comes back to our town with sympathy, because of the loss of her baby; Gene Tierney is also on her way westward, to make the last picture on her present contract with 20th Century-Fox.

—o—

A bunch of people were wondering why Spencer Tracy was wearing a hat for the first time in his life. Reason: his famous locks had been cropped to a quarter-inch, super-butch cut for his role of a convict in "Operation Malaya." And Bob Ryan, who wore a short bowl-type hair-

Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, having dinner in Chicago's famous Pump Room.

ilking About!

Betty Grable with Soundman Gene Grossman on "Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend" set.

do for "The Setup," is going in for overcompensation. His hair is now as long as a frontiersman's.

—o—

Bob was delighted when he found a modern ranch house in the Valley and moved there pronto because he thought his kids would be healthier playing in the big yard. Wasn't but a few days after the move that both kids came down with bad colds.

—o—

The James Masons have another addition to their family. It arrived not long after the birth of their daughter, Porty. Seems Judy Garland got acquainted with Mason when hubby Vincente Minnelli was directing him in "Madame Bovary." One day Judy appeared on the set with a basket covered by a red-checked tablecloth. "Here's your lunch," Judy said. When the actor opened it, there was a small cat, which brought the number of Mason felines up to nine. When you overhear Judy and James talking formulae and vitamins, they're discussing cats, not daughters.

—o—

Most of the yak-yak about Jane Russell these days centers on her ability as an actress since "The Paleface." Jane's more excited *(Please turn to page 56)*

Esther Williams went into "Neptune's Daughter" after "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

ndid Portrait

es scare the tar me," admits Joan ford, "and it's just bad when I give them"

By Jack Holland

In "Flamingo Road," Warner Brothers' picture, Joan Crawford has the dramatic role of a girl who, because of, or in spite of, the men in her life, works her way up from a carnival hootchy-kootchy dancer.

JOAN CRAWFORD has been analyzed, discussed, taken apart and put together so many times that you wouldn't think there'd be anything left to write about her. Yet, surprisingly enough, the real Joan Crawford—what she thinks about, believes in, what she is honestly like—has not been touched.

This, then, is a candid portrait of a star who has long held the admiration of the public and Hollywood alike. A series of impressions that are also revelations of a little known woman.

Joan had just finished "Flamingo Road" at Warners, in which she sings for the first time in years, when I saw her at her Brentwood home. As we sat talking in her den, she was busy sewing on a coat that belonged to one of her adopted children. A carpenter was nearby making alterations in the room. It was a most unlikely setting to ask Joan what her philosophy of life was, but that's what opened our discussion.

"I have no profound ideas," Joan answered after a slight pause. "Only what I consider a few essential truths. I have no specific code of living, but I do believe in certain things. For one thing, I believe that everyone should be given the right to be an individual. In other words, tolerance of others' opinons is important. I had that driven home to me lately at a party I attended. One of the people there was speaking of a person we all knew. Said this person, 'I think he is so intelligent.' To which another quickly said in horrified tones, 'How *can* you say he is intelligent? Why, he's the most stupid, the most arrogant—' and on and on. Such a reaction denies one individuality. And it only proves to me that it never pays to enter into any discussions about people. You just never get anywhere. And certainly I don't believe in arguing about politics or religion. That is my creed—if you can call it that—for a smooth running life."

This introduction to Joan is probably a typical one. Everyone has thought of her as a serious-minded person. But there is also the lighter side to the star.

"One of the toughest things I've had to learn is how to enjoy myself," Joan quipped. "In fact, I'm still learning how to have fun. I've always worked so hard I just never had the time to relax. There haven't been enough hours in my days for me to take it easy. My children have kept me more than busy for some time, but I have suddenly come to the realization that it's time I let them live their lives so I can have time to live mine. If I give all of myself to them now—and that's a great temptation—I'll be left hanging by a limb when they grow up. And I don't intend to become a lonely woman. I'm, therefore, making real efforts now—but not entirely successful ones—to stop worrying about something I might have (*Please turn to page* 59)

Zachary Scott, handsome but weak, is the first man to befriend Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road," after the carnival she works in skips town and leaves her stranded.

A reckless political boss, newcomer David Brian also loves Joan in "Flamingo Road."

Trouble begins when Joan gets a job in "Flamingo Road" as waitress in the cafe run by Tito Vuolo.

Joan read the original book along with the script to perfect role.

Ann Blyth, now starring in the Universal-International production, "Black Velvet"

NO PRETENSE ABOUT BOB

Bob, at 37, is as unimpressed by fame as he was when a small-town boy in Nebraska.

Bob is currently appearing in "The Bribe," an MGM adventure yarn, with Ava Gardner.

By Ben Maddox

RARELY can you talk to a movie star who could honestly be called a well-adjusted person. Something about Hollywood draws the turbulent type. Behind the glamour there is usually a personality impelled to plunge into hectic episodes. That's why I particularly like Robert Taylor.

He ranks as the number one exception to this general rule.

Bob is constantly proving that a star can have looks, a keen love of life, the radiant bright lights—and *balance*. He is, in person, one of the best answers I can give you to what's fine about Hollywood. He is one of the few men here who is right about the place.

When you know him well, you feel a sense of security. No matter how crazy the world behaves, you remember that Bob is getting along all right by sticking stubbornly to his own standards, figuring out the sanest solutions to all problems for himself. His ability to retain

Bob with Elizabeth Taylor in a scene in "Conspirator," the film they made together in England. Although they have the same name they're not related.

BACKSTAGE VISIT

THE first stop for Lon McCallister on his New York trip was the National Theatre where his old friend, Bill Eythe, is producing and starring in the musical revue, "Lend An Ear." Watching the cast rehearse, smelling the greasepaint, gave Lon nostalgic memories of his own Broadway stint in "Winged Victory," and the yen to get behind the footlights into the act once more.

Antoinette Gulhke, Dorothy Babbs, dancers in "Lend An Ear," greet Lon as Singer Lee Story, Bill Eythe look on.

Lon teams with Bill in the song and dance man take-off Bill does in show.

nd An Ear"
: and solos.

Antoinette, Lee, Lon talk movies. Revue was a hit in California, too.

A little levity is good for morale. Dorothy Babbs is the boys' victim.

Look Who's Playing Bits!

When Franchot Tone and his fiancee, Betty Harper, patronize a nightclub in "Jigsaw," they are unimpressed by their waiter, Henry Fonda, and completely unaware that sultry Marlene Dietrich is just leaving with her escort.

Somebody ought to tip Franchot off that the anonymous office girl in "Jigsaw" is Marsha Hunt.

DON'T get so engrossed in the clues Franchot Tone follows in "Jigsaw," that you miss all the fun. The gimmick in this story of an assistant D. A., who busts up a rackets gang by trailing a murderer, sets it apart from the usual whodunit. If you keep your eyes peeled, you'll glimpse Marlene Dietrich ankling out of a scene, or find the hand waving beneath Franchot's nose belongs to John Garfield. These and other stars, just for the novelty of it, play "bit" parts in this United Artists release.

Jean Wallace, his estranged wife off screen, kayoes Franchot, but only for a scene in "Jigsaw."

A sleuth, finds Franchot, can pick up plenty of clues from a bartender like . . . Burgess Meredith.

"Third floor rear." John Garfield knows the answer, even though he's just a passerby in "Jigsaw."

Van Johnson, currently being seen in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Mother Is A Freshman"

Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, were among the guests. They're next in RKO's "Baltimore Escapade."

PASTERNAK PARTY

ALMOST everybody in Hollywood turned out for the party Joe Pasternak hosted recently at Mocambo. One of the best liked producers in town, Joe knocked off from his current MGM picture, "That Midnight Kiss," to make with the feasting and festivities for his glamourous guests, among them, Kathryn Grayson, Jose Iturbi and Keenan Wynn, stars of the picture. Big names were a dime a dozen, but of all the marquee magnets it was Clark Gable who rated the most attention when he waltzed in with an unknown beauty on his arm, Elaine White, MGM secretary. Clark's in "Any Number Can Play" with Alexis Smith.

Clark Gable with Elaine White, a secretary at MGM. He's just made "Any Number Can Play" with Alexis Smith at MGM.

James Mason and wife at Pasternak party. He's soon to be seen in "Caught."

James Craig and his wife cutting some fancy capers on dance floor at Mocambo.

Keenan Wynn and his new wife. He's in "That Midnight Kiss," MGM musical.

Patricia Neal, starring in "The Fountainhead," a Warner Bros. picture

John Lund and Loretta Young rehearsing their lines for a radio broadcast.

It Is To Blush

Coping with embarrassing moments is John Lund's toughest problem

By Fredda Dudley Balling

MR. JOHN LUND is an actor who will be very happy, very happy indeed, when his new Paramount picture, "Bride Of Vengeance," supersedes "Miss Tatlock's Millions" in the minds of motion picture audiences.

He has had just about all he can handle of "Miss Tatlock's Millions," a statement that can not be made by the nation's moppets. For instance, the other day he was walking along his own street with dignity and the air of being a sensible citizen when suddenly from the shrubbery there bounded a group of small boys. All were wearing their sweaters pulled over the tops of their heads. All leered at John and screamed, "We're playing the turtle game. We're *Schuyler*. We're currr . . . azy!"

In case you had the awful misfortune to miss "Miss Tatlock's Millions," it should be explained that the character John played was a retarded case named *Schuyler* who wore a Shetland pony forelock, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and his coat over his head when he wanted to "hide" from someone. Aside from these minor details, he was a fairly conventional chap when he wasn't burning down a shanty or giving some relative a hot foot. To further complicate the plot, there was a real *Schuyler* and a bogus *Schuyler*, and . . . . look, you'd better see the picture. It's funny enough to make people forget their income tax problems and all other troubles.

Funny enough for everyone, that is, excepting John Lund.

It is a well-known fact that it is easy for an actor to (*Please turn to page 63*)

John's zany role in "Miss Tatlock's Millions" embarrassed him off screen.

John Lund and Jean Arthur in a scene in Paramount's "A Foreign Affair."

Hobbies Come Hobbies Go

By Marcia Howard

Susan Hayward as she appeared in the role of the fiery Southern belle in U-I's "Tap Roots."

To Susan Hayward, there's nothing quite so fascinating as a new hobby—nothing, that is, except another new hobby

THE very best thing to wear, when calling at the Susan Hayward-Jess Barker home, is an expression of acute anticipation.

Throughout the town of Hollywood there are gay people, witty people, talented people, and people (*from whom the Saints deliver us*) who live atop soap boxes. But in no home is there always such a combination of spirited effort, of eager conviction that the world is teeming with so many fascinations that one life-time is totally inadequate to enjoy them, as constantly exists in the household of Susan and Jess.

The hobbies of Jess last longer; the hobbies of Susan cover a wider field.

Before Jess and Susan were married, each was too busy flying around, having a gay time, to consider the investigation of the world's wealth of delightful pre-occupations. However, as soon as they were married and had established a home, each set in motion a series of projects.

"I've been shopping," Susan announced one afternoon. "There simply isn't anything to be had. It's partly due to the War and it's partly due to the lack of imagination on the part of manufacturers. I know that if I had a sewing machine I could make my own clothing. I could have smart things at less than half the present price for downright mediocre models."

"I'll pick up a sewing machine for you," said Jess, the cooperative.

"If anyone else had said such a thing in that naive tone, I'd hoot," confided Susan. "Since *you* said it, I believe you." She had learned early in her marriage that, for Jess, good luck fell in place as naturally as seventeen passes at a dice table.

The next day he visited three sewing machine agencies, was told in that old cliche, "There's been a war, Bub—ain't

Susan with hubby Jess Barker. Jess shares her enthusiasm for hobbies.

Resting between scenes of "Tulsa." When working, Susie loses all interest in her hobbies.

Robert Preston is the object of Susie's affection in E-L's "Tulsa."

Van Heflin romanced Susie in "Tap Roots." In "East Side Story," she'll have Richard Conte.

you heard?," and was brushed off.

On the way home he stopped at Schwab's Drug Store on Sunset and mentioned to one of the Schwab boys that he was in the market for a sewing machine. "By coincidence," said The Schwab, "I have had my order placed for nearly a year at two agencies. Today, both called to say I could have a machine. You may have one of mine."

So Jess went home with his proud sewing machine, and his wife did not even blink over this remarkable state of affairs.

Promptly, Susan began to collect fabrics; she chose a brocade for an evening gown, a luscious turquoise jersey for a casual frock, a deep blue velvet for a hostess gown. She bought matching thread, imaginative buttons, linings, buckram for stiffening collars, and patterns.

Like an armadillo, she was fortified for all emergencies.

She sat down at her sewing machine and nobody, not even her husband, laughed.

She found a tucking foot, so of course she had to dash out to buy batiste which she tucked in readiness for making a 100%-tucked blouse. She was enchanted. She tucked lawn for two of her girl friends who were making baby dresses. She tucked net for a friend who was making bedroom curtains.

Then she discovered the hemstitcher. She hemstitched a dozen napkins for herself, several scarves for friends, a tablecloth which (*Please turn to page 65*)

Life becomes complicated for Susan, who plays a rancher's hard-boiled daughter in her current film, "Tulsa," when Ed Begley, in a drunken moment, turns over deeds to her for some oilfields.

Susan enacting a melodramatic scene from "Gaslight," with Charles Boyer, on CBS's Screen Guild Players radio show. Susan is one of the most versatile young actresses in Hollywood.

Despite her love for hobbies, Susie's big interest is her twin sons.

MEANEST MUG IN MOVIES

Reporters and his manager, Paul Stewart, hear Kirk Douglas brag that he fought his way to a crack at the title in "The Champion."

RUTHLESS, vicious and amoral . . . that's Kirk Douglas. A brutal, handsome killer who mistreats the women in his life and discards everyone who helps him rise from the gutter to become a fight champion . . . that's Kirk Douglas, too. So realistic is his portrayal of Midge Kelly, "hero" of the United Artists picture, "The Champion," that he'll reap superlatives as the meanest mug in movies. It's Kirk's most difficult role to date, with rugged workouts in the gym and bruising fight scenes as part of his daily routine. Playing the role of a heel who pulls every dirty trick in the book may be artistically satisfying, but physically it's a little like being trapped inside an active cement mixer.

Kirk's iron fist enforces his orders to men . . . or women . . . in "The Champion."

Ruth Roman is the first of three women whose lives are irreparably scarred through contact with Kirk.

Marilyn Maxwell, flashy gold-digger and trollop, replaces guileless Ruth Roman in Kirk Douglas' life. But later, when "The Champion" tires of her greed and glitter, he finds a new companion to amuse him and sends Marilyn packing.

Between scenes, Kirk and Ruth Roman discuss how to pose for effective cheesecake. "The Champion" is the first picture made of Ring Lardner's bitter classic. Previously, it was thought much too tough for presentation on the screen.

Right: The role of Emma Bryce, the little innocent Kirk Douglas first loves and then cruelly betrays in "The Champion," is Ruth Roman's biggest break in pictures so far.

Below: Kirk and Marilyn Maxwell enjoy an amorous interlude in "The Champion." Marilyn usually sings in pictures, but as Kirk's hardboiled girl friend, she doesn't chirp a note.

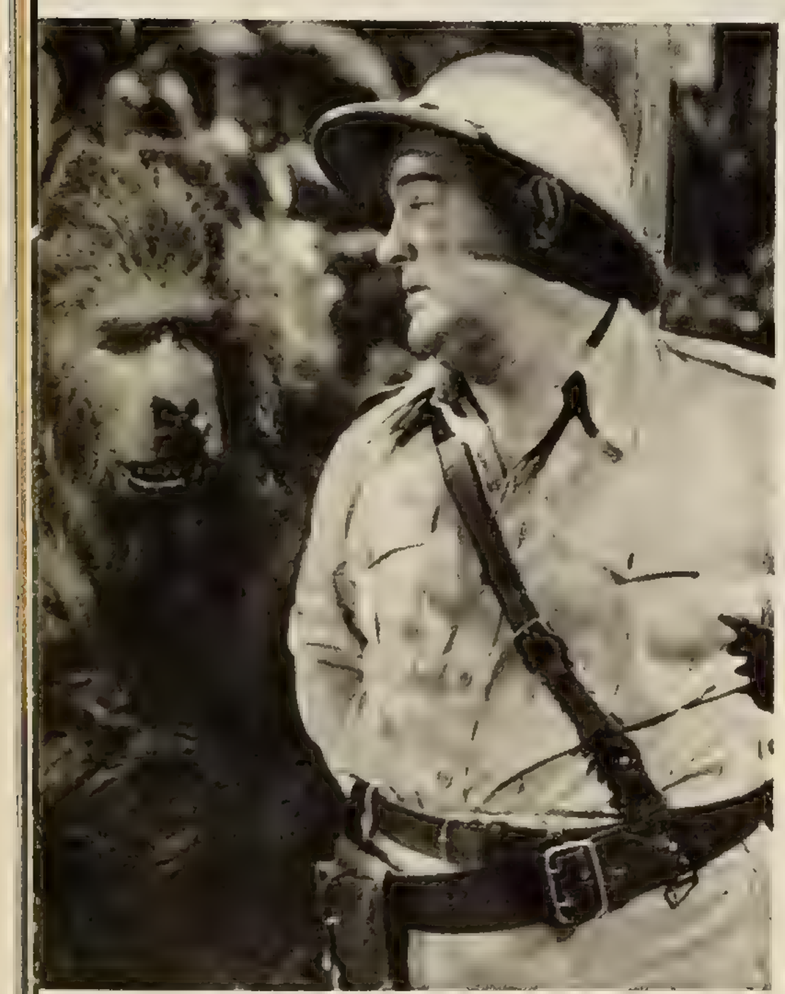
A delayed lunch brought out Kirk's cannibal instincts on the set of "The Champion," a United Artists release.

AFRICA SCREAMS — And HOW!

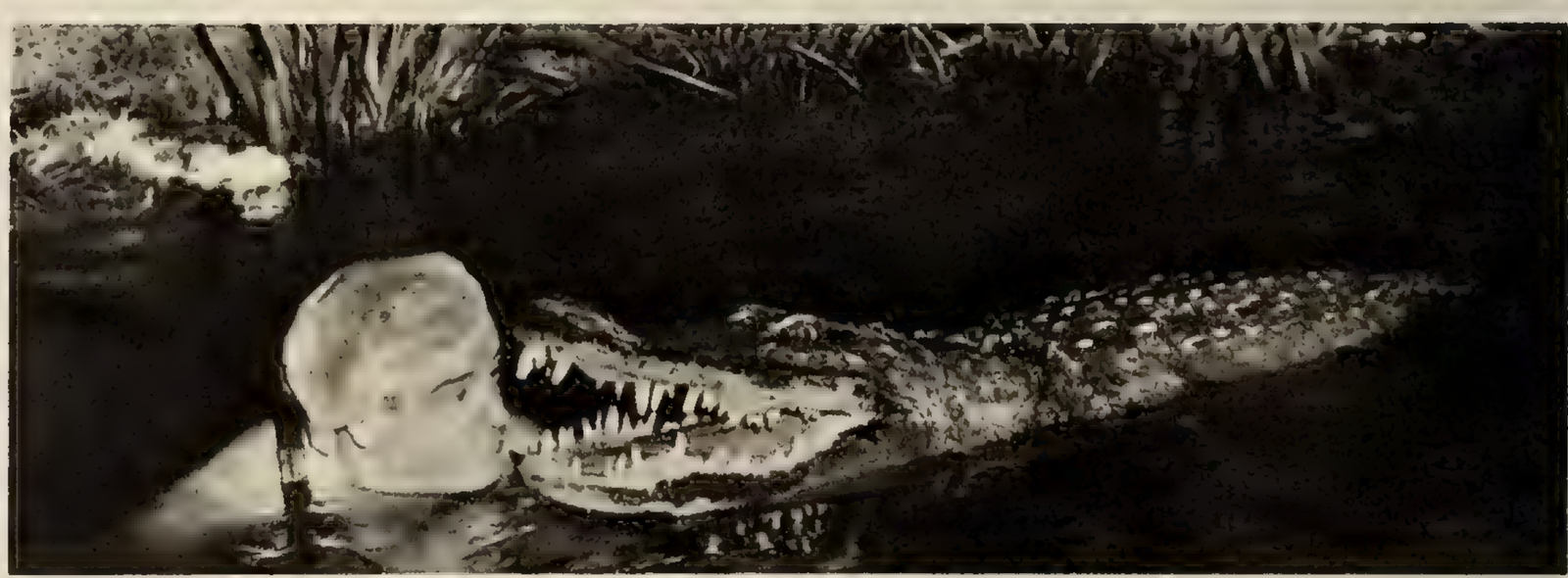
Lou Costello's wife and daughter, Christine Helen, visit him on the set of "Africa Screams," a Nassour Studios picture.

Two ex-world heavyweight champs, Jack Dempsey, Max Baer, test Lou's muscles on set.

"AFRICA SCREAMS" when Abbott and Costello invade the Dark Continent on a safari that can never be equalled. For despite such companions as Frank Buck, Clyde Beatty and Max Baer, Bud and Lou manage to plunge into one hair-raising escapade after another, escaping with their lives by the skin of their teeth. It's a debatable question whether or not "Africa Screams" at the boys or because of them, but suffice to say the jungle was never the same after meeting Abbott and Costello.



Above, Below: Lou may play with an ape, but he's scared of Bud's kitten.



Above: Admiring a croc's bridgework is Lou Costello in "Africa Screams," U. A. release.

Below: Lou almost gets into a stew when captured by cannibals in "Africa Screams."

We Were Strangers

TO revenge her brother's murder by the Inspector of the Cuban secret police in "We Were Strangers," Jennifer Jones joins the underground and plots against government tyranny. She falls in love with John Garfield, a co-rebel, only to have him die in her arms after they, singlehanded, successfully defend their cause in a battle with government troops.

Right: When rebel plans to assassinate Cuban leaders fail, Jennifer, John are trapped before they can flee the country.

Below: Jennifer's first job in the underground is to get false credentials for John, a Cuban who was reared in America.

Above: Pedro Armendariz, who killed her brother, tries to get information from Jennifer.

Below: When John falls victim to police bullets, Jennifer fights on alone, turns tide in rebel favor.

WHAT A

Rosemary DeCamp, June Haver, Ray Bolger in "Look For The Silver Lining," a Warner film.

June with Producer George Jessel on personal appearance tour for 20th Century-Fox.

By Barry Farrar

June is a guest of honor at a University of Southern California fraternity dance.

The one big failure in June's life was her marriage to Jimmy Zito, a musician.

June has been vocalist for bands of Dick Jurgens, Freddie Martin and Ted Fio Rito.

IN a town where an Academy Award winner like Luise Rainer with her high-test talent can disappear from the limelight overnight, and pretty girls are as plentiful as apples in Farmer Jones' orchard, June Haver claims she has the answer as to what a girl needs most in Hollywood to win success and keep it.

Mind you, June doesn't pretend to be a sage. But she made it plain that there is plenty of intelligence behind the sparkle in her pretty blue eyes when we cornered her on the set of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" at 20th Century-Fox and tried to stop her with the above query. In fact, June doesn't feel she is unusually bright; but does insist that she has some of that unglamourous sounding stuff known as *common horse sense.*

For this reason she wasn't at all stumped when we asked her to select the one factor that had contributed most to her Hollywood achievements. We had named those elements most frequently mentioned in success stories about actresses: talent, beauty, figure, experience, adaptability and so on. But June chose none of these. She settled for the most homely trait imaginable—an even disposition.

Of course, this covers a multitude of fine points in the human personality, but June is no psychologist, either. She was talking about an ordinary, everyday approach to life that enables one human being to get along with others. She claims it is the (*Please turn to page* 67)

GIRL NEEDS MOST

June's next picture for 20th Century-Fox will be "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."

If you can't get along with people, talent, beauty mean nothing, says June.

Whether you're in Hollywood or elsewhere, June Haver contends an even disposition is your most important asset

Director Shane teaches Sue England and Peter Fernandez as other members of the Dukes wait in line for a lesson.

Sue England, Peter Fernandez, sweethearts in "City Across The River."

KISSING LESSON

THE young actors in "City Across The River" who portray members of a boy gang in a slum district, made the most of a good thing recently. Because they are new to pictures, Director Maxwell Shane gave them detailed instructions on how to kiss before the camera for a scene in the film. There are so many pretty girls in the cast that the boys played dumb for as many rehearsals as they could wangle.

Above: Shane makes a production out of Peter's and Betty's initial kiss.

Necking parties usually climax the dances the Dukes hold in their clubroom.

Below: "City Across The River" tells how unguided kids get in trouble.

Jolson Sings Again

Larry Parks, as Al Jolson in "Jolson Sings Again," proves he's lost none of his magnetism in this sequel.

While ill in an Army hospital, Larry first meets Barbara Hale.

After Larry and Barbara marry, Larry's career flourishes again.

ONLY Larry Parks could play Al Jolson. The fans were set on that after seeing "The Jolson Story." So when Columbia announced they might replace Larry in "Jolson Sings Again," the sequel to Al's successful screen biography, and when Larry became wary of being typed, they protested en masse so tumultuously that Jolson himself wouldn't open his mouth even for his dentist. The result? Larry's back as the mammy singer in "Jolson Sings Again." He treks overseas to entertain during the War, meets his present wife while ill as a result of his tours, and makes one of the most magnificent comebacks that show business has ever known.

Bill Goodwin, Ludwig Donath, Eric Wilton, Larry Parks, Tamara Shayne, William Demarest in a scene from "Jolson Sings Again."

Navy and white checked wool is Ann Miller's choice for a tailored Spring dress. The crisp white pique trim can be unbuttoned and reversed or easily washed.

Arlene Dahl's black silk evening gown, hand appliqued in lace, can be made into a cocktail dress by removing the lowest flounce which is attached to a separate slip.

Flower-fresh is Virginia Grey in Jacquelyn Ross's coachman dress of navy blue shantung with a white shantung collar and cuffs.

In The Spring A

(EDITOR'S NOTE: It's cherchez l'homme, not cherchez la femme, according to Jacquelyn Ross, smart young California designer. She is confident that a lovely wardrobe will help any girl find her man and more important, help her hold him.)

IN the Spring a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of clothes . . . fresh looking clothes . . . clean looking clothes. If she can't rush out and buy a new dress, she will want to add crisp touches of white to her woolen clothes. I'll wager that the springlike sparkle of white pique has attracted more masculine glances than the dazzle of sequins.

* * *

Office Girls and professional women need good clothes to boost their morale and subsequently help their careers. And let's face it, any girl, no matter how interested in her work, wants to find a man . . . to attract one or to hold one. The best way to hold a man's interest is to have other men interested, and to do that you must be attractive. Then your man has what others want and it keeps him from being fickle.

* * *

Clothes Change a Girl and after she knows what clothes are best for her, she should try to maintain a provocative appearance. As man has a wandering eye, she shouldn't always have a sameness about her. I have three children, nevertheless I like the young, girlish look in the morning. Crisp, clean white or pastel cottons are perfect for that in the Spring and Summer.

* * *

Don't Be Dull by wearing the same type of clothes through the day and evening. The business day or the luncheon en-

The plain bodice on Ann Miller's sophisticated navy gown of pure silk is an artful foil for the tip-tilted ruffles on the striking skirt.

Simple white cotton drapery fabric threaded with gold makes a stunning Summer ensemble for Ann Miller. Both the topper and the dress are lined to keep them from sagging.

Arlene Dahl's full-skirted gown with the lowered waistline, is gold silk taffeta that whispers when she waltzes and can be worn with or without dropped shoulders.

Young Girls' Fancy ...

Becoming clothes and a fresh Spring look play an important part in keeping a man interested in you

By Jacquelyn Ross

gagement calls for a tailored appearance. Navy and white with a touch of red is the answer. I like to look different when my husband comes home at night so I wear cottons in deeper, sometimes brilliant, colors. Evenings out offer opportunities for any "look" you wish. A slim black velvet dress worn with an orange hat can turn a girl into a Winter femme fatale. A white draped jersey dress gives her a sophisticated provocative appearance. And while you're changing your clothes type, don't forget the importance of changing face makeup and hairdress to suit the occasion.

* * *

How Shall I Dress is the question that designers are most frequently asked. First, I would consider your type . . . what colors are right for you, and what colors you do not like to wear. Second, I would consider the occasions for which you need clothes. The professional woman needs a different wardrobe from the young married who stays at home caring for her house. Third, I would observe your figure and face. You can't put strictly tailored clothes on a dainty, feminine person, nor can you frill the tailored type. Some girls, however, can be either tailored or feminine, depending simply upon clothes and hair styling. They are the fortunate ones who can have most fun with clothes.

* * *

A Wardrobe Chart should include certain seasonless things that will make you well dressed and well groomed. You may not be able to buy all the items you need at once, but buy what you can this Spring and add to your collection of good clothes each year whenever possible.

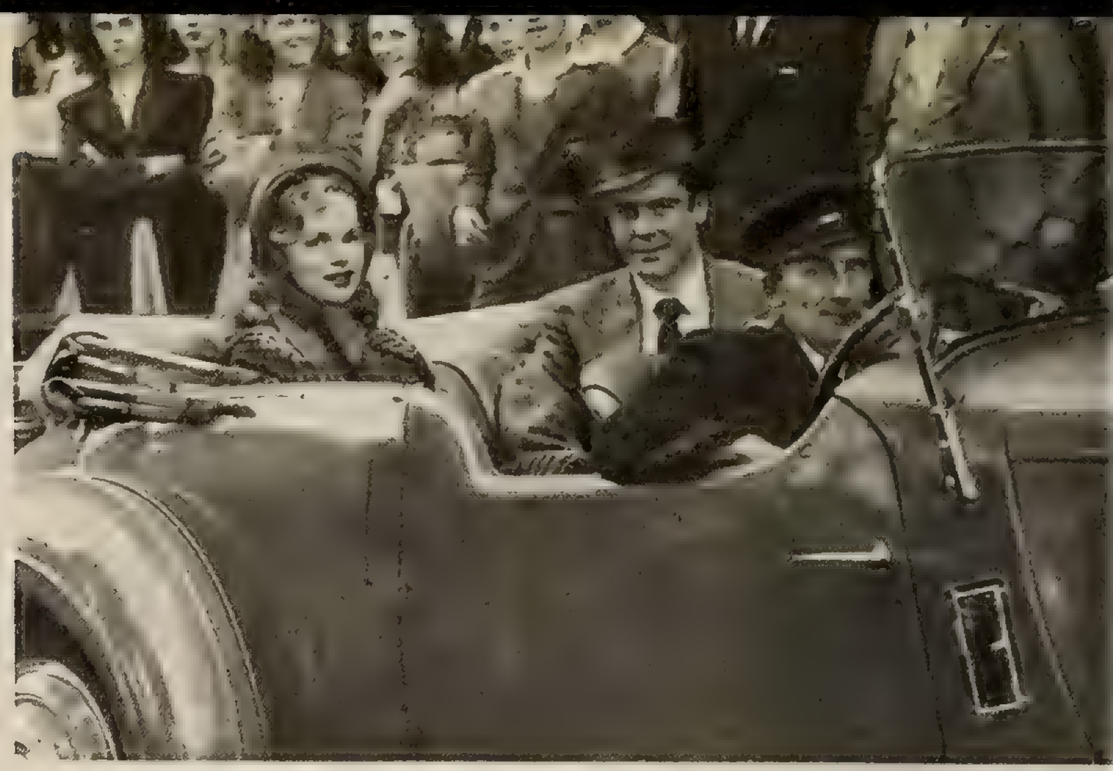
* * *

You Should Have at least one stunning tailored suit in black, navy, brown, beige or grey. Start with gabardine and you'll have something to wear in the Winter as well as the Summer. Each year invest in one more good suit if you can. Then, you need one basic dress . . . black or navy crepe that can be worn the year around. If you can afford one more daytime costume, I'd suggest a knit dress. The girl with a slim enough figure will be delighted with the way a knit dress takes her from daytime to the five o'clock date occasions.

* * *

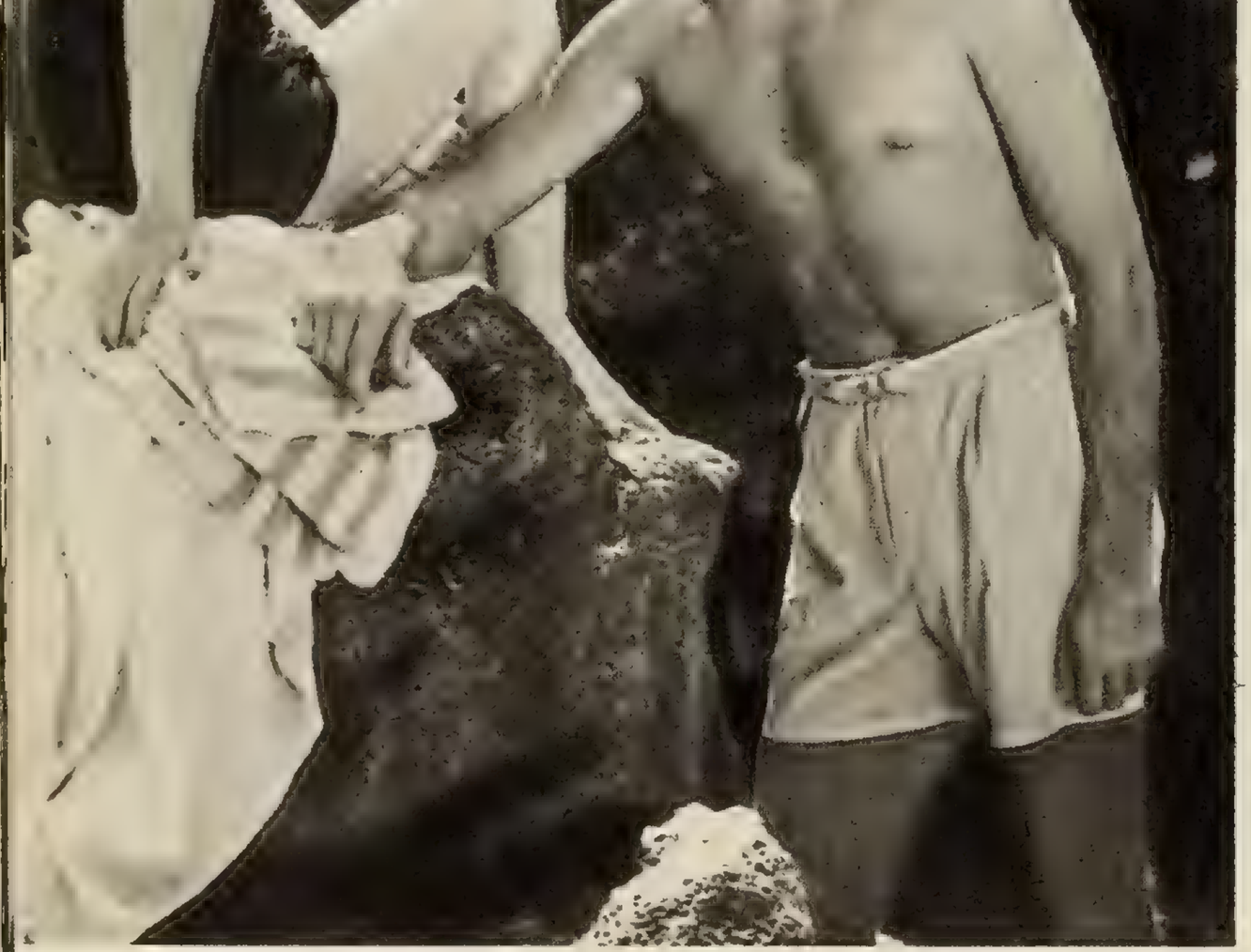
You Also Need one dressy coat or cape of cloth if you cannot afford a good fur coat. Forget about fur until you can buy a really good fur coat. Nothing betrays your in- *(Please turn to page 69)*

Back Home With PEGGY



Peggy Cummins and Richard Greene surrounded by fascinated Londoners while working in Belgrave Square.

PEGGY CUMMINS, whose American screen career hit all kinds of snags, has been busy in London making "That Dangerous Age," for Alexander Korda. The picture was a joy to Peggy for it called for many outdoor scenes which were shot around London, in Rome and Capri. Everywhere the company went curious crowds gathered to watch the proceedings with awe and wonderment. And Peggy was as thrilled by it all as were the spectators. Other players in the cast are Myrna Loy, who portrays Peggy's stepmother, and Richard Greene, who's her sweetheart.



A lull in the film's shooting schedule gives Peggy and Richard time for a refreshing swim and sunbath on the beach at Capri.

Richard Greene and Peggy Cummins about to make a scene for their new film, "That Dangerous Age."

London's famed Bond Street is background for this outdoor shot with the two stars.

Myrna Loy and Peggy working at a London airport.

Peggy relaxes while Director Gregory Ratoff explains how he wants her to handle the next scene.

Lovable Bachelor

Happy, easy-going Barry Fitzgerald is casual about everything but his work

While making "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Barry gave Ilka Chase a twirl on his bike.

Twinkle-eyed Barry Fitzgerald's currently in "Top O' The Morning" for Paramount.

By Dorothy O'Leary

SURE, now, the good folk of Eire are proud indeed of their kin in Hollywood. Are there not the O'Briens —Pat and Margaret, and the beautiful Merle who became Oberon? And the Fitzsimmons girl from Dublin who's known as Maureen O'Hara? And the Flanagan lad who answers to Dennis O'Keefe? And hand in hand with 'em, is there not himself, Barry Fitzgerald, from the famed Abbey Theatre, lovable, quiet and shy Barry who can act rings around most everybody in the land?

Faith, 'twould be fun to go on this way about Barry—but as out of place as an orange tie in a St. Patrick's day parade, for Barry is no story book nor musical comedy type of Irishman. True, he's not lost all of his brogue, and ingratiating it is to the ears, but he doesn't go about telling Pat and Mike stories. He isn't hot-tempered. He isn't even superstitious and will start a picture on any day of the week including Friday the thirteenth! In other words, Barry certainly isn't what the Irish call a Black Irishman, those who are set apart by their black hair, dark eyes and mystic natures.

He's a slight, reserved but friendly man with a definite twinkle in his blue eyes, a pointed nose and jutting chin that remind one a bit of Bob Hope grown a little older. A bachelor who would have made, according to his best friends, a wonderful husband and father. Above all, he is an actor, who pursues his chosen art with philosophical charm and calm.

After finishing a picture with Fitzgerald not long ago, Veronica Lake told a confidante, "I learned more working with Barry in this picture than in all the other pictures I've made since leaving dramatic school. He's such a perfectionist!"

Barry takes great pride in his work and his integrity is such that he often asks a director's permission to do a particular scene just once more. This is not because he feels he had done the scene badly, but be- (*Please turn to page* 71)

Barry usually has dinner with his brother, actor Arthur Shields, who lives near him.

"He's such a perfectionist," said Veronica Lake admiringly after working with Barry.

Alan Ladd and Barry knock off for a cup of afternoon tea. On the set, Barry is known as a man without a temper, but insists his are the "ordinary reactions of a normal man."

Screenland Salutes

John Derek

HUMPHREY BOGART, in response to public demand for new personalities, offers handsome, talented John Derek in his Santana production of "Knock On Any Door," vivid thriller of Chicago's Skid Row. John, given every possible opportunity in his screen debut as Nick Romano, baby-faced killer, just about steals the laurels from producer-star Bogey, who's unsparing in his footage of the young Adonis. Not just another pretty-boy type, John, an exciting personality, has great emotional depth which arouses warmth and sympathy. Welcome to stardom, John Derek!

John Derek discussing "Knock On Any Door" with his sponsor, Humphrey Bogart, as Susan Perry, leading lady, listens in.

John not only is gifted with good looks and a fine voice, but the burning desire to study hard and master dramatics.

John has his most provocative scenes in the court room sequence of the picture.

Below: Director Nicholas Ray gives instructions for the playing of a prison scene.

Fred Robbins with some of his countless teenage admirers. They love his inimitable vocabulary which sharpens the dullest of proceedings.

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

HYA Clyde!
It's May outside!
Put that scratch sheet aside
And let's go for a ride!

AND we mean at 78 RPM, which means—revolutions per minute, though your little head is probably revolving at 45 RPM, except in months without an R and then at LP speed, which is 33 1/3 RPM. Oh those record companies! You almost need a different player for every label. 'Smurder! Anyhoo it's all in the name of progress and those regular cookies are still with us and always will be—so here we go riding 'tween their pretty grooves, picking up new sound in every one!

HEAVENLY!

Perry Como—The kid from Canonsburg, Pa., is a neighbor of this kid, buys his meat from the same butcher, too. He sang a new song for us when we were over his pad one day—and predicted oodles and oodles for it. Was kicks to hear a hit before anyone else—even before he waxed it! You've been diggin' it as "I Can't See Me In Your Eyes Anymore"—and was Ronnie's Daddy right or was he right! Backside is "Forever And Ever," in waltz tempo and there's yet another slab—"With A Song In My Heart" and "Blue Room"—right from "Words And Music," P. C.'s flicker—in fact, right from the sound track, Jack! Great Rodgers and Hart! And Perry's like ice cream! (*Victor*)

Mary Ann McCall—One of the most underrated canaries in the eagle's nest—Mary Ann sings up a mild storm on her ownsy on the Discovery label. She's still with Woody Herman but etched these solos and clap feet she did! "You're Mine You" and "I Hadn't Anyone Till You"—two great songs get caressing treatment under Miss Mac's livid larynx. And Phil Moore's small group behind her puts the frosting on the cake! (*Discovery*)

Tony Martin—Well, rum diddle diddle! Which turntable has the Tony! It's a lucky one that does 'cause the marcelled moaner's soul stirring tonsils are always thrilling to dig—'specially on "The Tenement Symphony." 'Sall about the "Concrete Jungle"—N. Y., that is—and captures the heartbeat of the city wrapped up in a beautiful theme. Comes from the Marx Bros. celluloid, "The Big Store"—and Tony decided to cut it when they screamed for it on his appearance in England. He didn't think anyone remembered it 'cause the picture is years old—but they did and hip hip hooray for it! Two-sided cookie that'll gas you! But there's yet another Martin face—"No Orchids For My Lady" and "We're Not Getting Any Younger, Baby"—and don't you wish you were Cyd Charisse! I'd rather be Tony Martin! (*Victor*)

Xavier Cugat makes himself right at home as guest of Freddy on WOV show.

Ray McKinley—All of Mac's fine showmanship and versatility comes out on this brace of goodies—"Little Jack Frost Get Lost" and "Sunflower"—the first, an ounce of nice bounce, and t'other, 'bout the state of the same nickname—with a western flavor all through the grooves. Jean Friley rides sidesaddle with Ray on this one—but we wish he'd cut more stuff like "Hangover Square" and "Sandstorm." (*Victor*)

Peggy Lee and Dean Martin—Capitol's answer to Doris Day and Buddy Clark gets off on "You Was," which Vic Damone and Patti Page did on Mercury, and they make a nice duo. But who couldn't sing next to Peg—a darling doll. Or is she an ice cream cone blum-blum! Dean lets her solo on the flip—"Someone Like You" and she does so well Capitol gave her her own big cookie to play with—result—"Blum Blum"—a nonsensical bit of fluff which will hydromatically drive you off your rocker. Flip of that is Mrs. Barbour at her most velvety—"If You Could See Me Now"—which Sarah Vaughan made famous and v. v. Peg sounds like a cumulus cloud! (*Capitol*)

Frank Sinatra—Ah, ma petite chou—voici un chanson tres tres charmant—"Comme Ci, Comme Ca"—une importation Francaise—and Christina's Daddy does it tres prettily. Has a lilt that gets under your you know what. Other cheek is "When The Angelus Was Ringing"—

Doris Day, star of screen, radio and records, with Paul Maxie in a scene from "My Dream Is Yours," a Michael Curtiz production for Warner Brothers.

adapted from Edith Piaf's famous specialty, "The Three Bells"—rich and custardy. Then there's Frankie wrapped around the Phil Moore Four on Cole Porter's beauty, "Why Can't You Behave," from "Kiss Me Lisa Kirk" and "No Orchids For My Lady"—an English import (*this kid Sinatra's completely international*), both of which'll see you riding through their furrows many times —they're honey smooth and sterling and cardinal too! (*Columbia*)

Kiss Me, Kate—Ears off to Columbia for a superb job of waxing the great Cole Porter set of sharps and flats with the original cast—Alfred Drake, Particia Morison, Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang, Annabelle Hill and chorus. There're six 12 inch slabs, some have dialogue leading into the tunes—so you can dig the music even if you haven't seen the show. A tremendous undertaking by Columbia and just as successful! (*Columbia*)

Johnny Desmond—Don't turn off the fire, Meyer, just lemme melt! Oh those gorgeous tonsils of Desmo! And how limp you'll be once you put the stylus in the niches of "Peggy, Dear" and "When The Angelus Was Ringing," his freshest cookie. Guy has a warmth and style that ranks with the best in the country and a feeling for lyrics that many guys would do well to dig. A great vocalist, J. D.! Wow! We can still feel the goose bumps! (*MGM*)

Margaret Whiting—My gal Maggie, Mrs. Hubbell Robinson as of the last few months, bakes another platter full of meringue with "When The Angelus Was Ringing" and "My Dream Is Yours" from the film of the same handle. When M. W. bakes 'em—they're ready —not only for Freddy—but you, too. Your ears are in the best company as long as they hang around with Mrs. Robinson's bronchial tubes. (*Capitol*)

Mel Torme—The Velvet Fog has taken on a lace trimmed ball and chain, too—Susan Perry—so all you lasses can concentrate on his soulful singing now. And Melvin makes you pull the scatter pins off your dress with his first one for Capitol—"She's A Home Girl" and "Careless Hands." Great to have the "Fog" on a major label where everyone can dig one of the most talented rascals ever to flick a tonsil! *(Capitol)*

ALSO EARWORTHY!

DANNY KAYE AND THE ANDREWS GALS on a waffle chockful of chuckles, "Amelia Cordelia McHugh" (*Decca*) . . . GORDIE MACRAE'S brilliant etching of "So In Love"—bulging with all the virility and fervor that have taken him so far since we worked on the "Teentimers" show together. And there's glistenin' listenin' in "A Rosewood Spinet," the flip, and "Melancholy Minstrel" and "You're Still The Belle Of The Ball" aussi. And how 'bout that celluloid "Look For The Silver Lining!" My Man Mac! One of the biggest new stars in years, dears! And he deserves every hunk of it! *(Capitol)* . . . JANE HARVEY'S "So In Love" and "Always True To You In My Fashion"—two from "K. M. K."—in that bewitching hands-behind-the-back-Harvey style (*MGM*) . . . KING COLE'S "No Moon At All" and "It Only Happens Once"—Frankie Laine's tune—but then isn't everything Nat does like peanuts? More you eat, etc. (*Capitol*) . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S "No Orchids For My Lady" and "Bewildered"—a great potion of "eckstatic static" by Mr. B. who's singing has you flat, like the mat (*MGM*) . . . DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK put down some happy goulash on "I'll String Along With You," from her new Warner Bros. pix. They're like strawberries and cream together (*Columbia*) . . . JOE MOONEY'S sock novelty, "A Man With A Million Dollars," with that whispered vocal and the quartet's subtle jazz (*Decca*) . . . DINAH SHORE'S romp with "So In Love," beguine tempo and wonderful —and "Always True To You"—infectious and sex-ious (*Columbia*) . . . BING'S "So In Love" and "Why Can't You Behave"—right down the fairway! (*Decca*) PATTI PAGE'S "Money, Marbles And Chalk"—hillbilly tune with lotsa philosophy and great for crying in your beer or malted (*Mercury*) . . . BUDDY RICH'S "Ready To Go Steady"—fine rockin' sound, with Buddy's vocal that leaps! (*Mercury*) . . . PHIL MOORE'S "Misty Moon Blues" and "Fugue For Barroom Piano"—great stuff by a gifted composer (*Discovery*) . . . JIMMY DURANTE AND BETTY GARRETT on "Pussy Cat Song"—full of imagination and cute as Butch Jenkins! (*MGM*) . . . FRANKIE CARLE'S smoothies, "Sweet Sue" and "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella" — sparkling instep-stropping stuff (*Columbia*) . . . GENE WILLIAMS premiere biscuit, "I'll Do The Same For You," darling tune, and "Just Goofin'," groovey instrumental. They call him "Young America's Favorite" and this shows you why! (*Mercury*) . . .

HOT!

Woody Herman—Lay me out in my green suit, mudder! Here's some of the most exciting and provocative stuff to be heard today—"Summer Sequence" and "Lady McGowan's Dream"—both from the fertile mind of Ralph Burns, Woody's arranger. They're semi-serious concert jazz pieces and "Sequence" (*in four parts*) represents Summers spent in various places—Long Island, New York, Chicago and California. Ralph is featured at piano, Bill Harris on trombone, Chuck Wayne, guitar, Joe Mondragon on bass, Sam Rubiniwitch and Flip Phillips on sax, with Woody on sax and clary. "Lady McGowan's Dream" was a tribute to an elderly English poetess who got her kicks from the Herd. This album stamps Ralph as a brilliant composer, one of our most prominent and promising, and he's only 23! A beautifully waxed and thrilling creation blending jazz and modern classicism (*Col C 177*). And don't ever miss "Lemon Drop," Woodrow's first one for Capitol, which is good to the last bop! Swings and drives like dynaflow—with Terry Gibbs outstanding on vibes, Serge Chaloff on baritone sax and Earl Swope on trombone. There's good boppin' tonite! *(Capitol)*

Stan Kenton Encores—The latest sheaf from the Long Leanster, who at this typing is retired—but, we suspect, temporarily. For, if ever a man brought to the concert halls and ears of this republic a new, vibrant music, unfettered by custom, that's Stanley K. Some of his most progressive and memorable slabs are 'tween these leaves—"Peg O' My Heart," "Chorale For Brass, Piano And Bongo," "Abstraction," "Capitol Punishment," "Somnambulism" and "He's Funny That Way"—Junie Christy chirpin' on the last. A worthy successor to Stan's earlier albums—"Artistry In Rhythm" and "A Concert In Progressive Jazz." (*Capitol CC 113*)

Billie Holiday—"Weep No More" and "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of

BEST IN THE NEST

PERRY COMO—"Blue Room" and "With A Song In My Heart" *(Victor)*

MARY ANN McCALL—"You're Mine You," and "I Hadn't Anyone Till You" *(Discovery)*

WOODY HERMAN—"Summer Sequence," "Lady McGowan's Dream" and "Lemon Drop" *(Col. and Cap.)*

TONY MARTIN—"Tenement Symphony" *(Victor)*

JOHNNY DESMOND—"Peggy Dear" and "When The Angelus Was Ringing" *(MGM)*

KISS ME KATE—Columbia album with original cast

FRANK SINATRA—"Comme Ci, Comme Ca" *(Columbia)*

NAT KING COLE—King Cole at the Piano *(Capitol album)*

GENE WILLIAMS—"I'll Do The Same For You" and "Just Goofin'" *(Mercury)*

GORDON MACRAE—"So In Love" *(Capitol)*

Boys"—Lady Day's first etching in eons, it seems, and most welcome, 'cause there's only one Billie—and all the fervor and tortured phrasing that stamp her as great are on this cookie. "Weep" is from "Along Fifth Avenue"—but the vocal group with Lady Day seems to cramp her style. Better on her ownsy! (*Decca*)

Charley Ventura—Chazz is on a major label, Mabel—and sure deserves it. The former Gene Krupa tenor kid was the first guy to make bop really commercial with those jumping bits of intrigue—the bop vocals by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—so 'twas inevitable. They exude the ooh-oohs and ah-ahs on "Birdland" and "Lullaby In Rhythm" and if this doesn't make you bop, look and listen—you're just no place, Grace. Try his waffles of "Euphoria," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "East Of Suez" and "Pina Colada" on the National label, too. It's a leapin' bunch, that Ventura gang! (*Victor*).

ALSO GROOVEY!

NAT COLE'S new album of piano solos—at long last—on "Blues In My Shower," "Cole Capers," "How High The Moon," "These Foolish Things," "I'll Never Be The Same," and "Three Little Words"—great artistry and fine lettuce for your salad! (*Capitol*) . . . THELONIOUS MONK'S beautiful "Ruby My Dear" *(Blue Note)* . . . BOB CROSBY'S reissue of "Muskrat Ramble" on Coral!

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

GERRY VERBEKE, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA—If you've written songs—your best bet is to show them to a bandleader or singer who hits your town. If they like it, maybe they'll use it . . . JO ELLEN CONTE, PIEDMONT, CAL.—Desi Arnaz's records with Cugat are pretty tough to get. But he's on his ownsy on Victor, you know, so grab all his cookies you can . . . JOHN WASILICH, DETROIT, MICH.—Don't think there are any waffles of songs from "Foreign Affair." Like most background music—it dies with the picture, unfortunately . . . JANIE FLORA, ANDERSON, IND.—Thanx a lump, Janie, and watch for "Robbins' Nest" on your local station. It's our new syndicated record show . . . PHYLLIS CONNELY, YORK, PA.—The best way to break into radio as a disk jockey is on a small station—with a new idea. Make a record of your show and present it to the program director . . . IRENE PERKINS, GALVESTON, TEXAS—'Tis a shame, Irene, for that nice sound from "The Big Sleep" to be wasted, but, as we told John, that's what happens to most movie music—except stuff like "Laura," "Mamselle," etc. . . . BARBARA DEANE, ANNAPOLIS, MD.—Both Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are hitched. Jerry has a young son, and Dean has four offspring—FOUR!! They're very young—Germ, as Dean calls him—is about 24 and Dean's in his early 30s. They've got a flicker coming out for Hal Wallis and will have their own show soon on NBC. And you can dig 'em on Capitol cookies . . . SUE WILLIAMS, BLOOMINGTON, IND.—There are lotsa slabs of "One Alone" and Gordie and Jo did make "I'll String Along With You" . . . GINO ALPARONE, NAPLES, ITALY—Wow! So far away! Maybe you like your own Bruno Pallesi's voice better than Frank Sinatra's but over here we don't have Bruno, so we love Frankie. Besides, he's got so much rebaforbis . . . PAUL TIMMONS, RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.—The stuff Mildred Bailey did on the defunct Majestic may be reissued on Mercury. She did lotsa things on Decca, tho. Billie Holiday's first records on her own were done in 1936, but she cut some with Benny Goodman in 1933 on Columbia. Dig the new Hot Discography . . . ANITA LORRING—Freddie Stewart is not married and has been making flickers for some years now. His latest wax is "For All We Know" and "Ah But It Happens" on Capitol . . . BILL WHITEHEAD, LANCASHIRE, ENG.—Glad you're copping Kenton's stuff at last. We have a hunch SK will reorganize and probably tour your tight little island . . . MARIE STEVIC, TOLEDO, OHIO—Sam Donahue is hitched, is in his early 30s and is a wonderful guy. His freshest pancake is "Gypsy Love Song" and "Out In The Cold Again" on Capitol . . . Lemme know what's on that cranium 'bout sharps and flats and we'll try and relieve your misery.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

One of Hollywood's most avid record fans is Gloria Grahame, who recently did "The Long Denial" for RKO with her husband, Nicholas Ray, as director.

Margaret O'Brien, now in "Little Women" for MGM, congratulates Dorothy Shay for her "Park Avenue Hillbilly" routine in Wedgwood Room at Waldorf-Astoria.

Gene's Greatest Triumph

Continued from page 22

the intelligent teaching and guidance of her mother, she was able to avoid the heartbreak and unhappiness that makes the average woman hard and bitter towards everything in life.

Ever since she was a mere youngster, Gene has followed a principle that never has failed her. When she was a pigtailed little girl of ten, she wanted to join in a ball game with some of the boys in the neighborhood. But because she was a girl, they chased her away and refused to let her play. At that time, she never dreamed of using her glamour to break down their youthful prejudice. Instead, she went running home to her mother, tears streaming from her deep blue eyes and sobbed out the heartrending story.

Belle Tierney was too intelligent a woman to dismiss this trivial incident as nothing. She dried Gene's eyes and sat the youngster down to listen to some good advice. She told her child that life wasn't always pleasant; sometimes cruel and thoughtless situations arose. "But always remember one thing," she admonished Gene. "If there's anything you want, and want very badly, you must go out and fight for it. If you don't want to fight for it, it means that you really don't want it."

Gene never forgot those words. Young as she was, she recognized the wisdom in them. She rushed out of the house, over to the field where the ball game was in progress and singled out the leader who had refused to let her play. She told him that unless she could be on the ball team, he'd have to fight with her . . . just to prove to the others that she was as good, if not better than he.

The challenge paid off. Gene played on that ball team and eventually was responsible for many of its triumphs. But most important, it was her first victory in her fight for the things she wanted out of life. Since then she's gone right on battling for everything she has. First, it was her career.

It was no easy job to convince her family that acting would be a logical profession for her to follow. Her father was convinced that it was only a schoolgirl ambition. To help prove she was wrong, he even accompanied her to a producer's office where she went for a job. But Gene wanted so hard to convince him that acting was something she loved that she got her first assignment.

When the talent scouts spotted her and she was sent out to Hollywood, her whole career seemed to be made up of one endless challenge after another. She let the studio cast her as a moron in her very first screen assignment, "Tobacco Road," for she was glad to get the chance to appear before the cameras. It meant wearing her pride in a sling, but Gene remembered the words of her mother. She knew that first screen role was something she wanted very badly. Everyone told her she'd be finished if she ever accepted the part; that she'd be cast in similar roles in every picture she made. Gene refused to listen to the advice.

At that moment, she grew up. She made a resolution never to let negative opinion influence her. And she has struck to that resolution faithfully throughout all the years. That's why she has always been close to her family. No matter how busy Gene happened to be, she never forgot to write to her mother and to her sister, Pat, and her brother, Howard.

Gene gives credit for this to her mother who, despite the fact that she had a famous daughter, didn't hesitate to go out and work. All the Tierneys are realists—honest realists. They have no false standards. Their sense of values are real.

With each successive picture Gene made after "Tobacco Road," she continually kept proving to herself that she was perfectly right in paying no attention to idle talk. She suffered through a series of assignments that would have made even a second-rate actress scurry out of the movie capital in indignation. But Gene was going to fight it through to the finish, simply because she was fighting for her career, for a cause that meant a great deal to her.

Soon the studio recognized that she was one of the most intelligent actresses on its roster of stars. Instead of becoming temperamental, as was customary when an actress was given unsatisfactory roles, Gene silently accepted them and executed each one to the best of her ability. Yet, she kept studying and improving herself continually. The producers and directors couldn't help noticing this and before long, her parts improved. There never was any talk of her refusing to play certain roles or being put on suspension because of it. She felt that only when the reason justified it would she fight.

She had seen too many of Hollywood's leading players commit career suicide by being obstinate and disagreeable when it came to sticking close to the terms of their contracts. She also knew that at times it was necessary to sacrifice pride and show a bit of meekness. But it was all part of the fight.

Then when the world heard that Gene was planning to marry Oleg Cassini, the same crowd that was so ready with its unsolicited advice began to scoff at her choice of a husband. They privately predicted that she could do much better. But once again, she simply shut her ears to them and refused to let them influence her. She knew better than anyone else why she was marrying Oleg. She was in love with him. For her that was the most important reason in the world. And marrying the man she loved, despite the gloomy and pessimistic admonitions of others, was one of the greatest triumphs of her lifetime.

The final words of the marriage ceremony were hardly uttered when the cynics started to predict that the marriage wouldn't last. But it did last. Gene and Oleg were madly in love with each other.

When War broke out and Oleg joined the Army, Gene didn't hesitate a single minute. She closed up her home and became another of the hundreds of thousands of war wives. She set up house in a tiny cottage near the camp where her husband was stationed. She cooked his

meals, scrubbed the floors and even did her own laundry. For the time being, her career took second place. The most important thing at the moment was that her husband be as happy as it was possible for her to make him. At the time, she would have gladly sacrificed her career permanently, if necessary, because she happened to be one of the few people in the film colony who had found the simple formula for happiness.

When the War was over and she returned to Hollywood the biggest opportunities of her career came along. The studio stopped casting her as a glamourous decoration and gave her roles in which she could prove her ability as an actress. Gene found herself the recipient of worthwhile assignments. But when she was working in "The Razor's Edge" a mysterious rumor, intended, perhaps, as a publicity aid, started making the rounds. Because she was playing opposite Tyrone Power, there was talk of a romance between the two.

It was this myth that almost wrecked the one thing that meant more to Gene than anything else—her marriage. She wanted to hold on to her home, her husband and her child.

Soon, almost every newspaper in the country carried front page stories about the torrid romance between Gene and Tyrone. At the time, not only Gene, but her mother, too, vehemently denied the rumor.

Yet from then on, stories about the impending split-up between her husband and herself kept spreading. The gossips and scandalmongers eagerly devoured every word, gleefully uttering their "I-told-you-sos." At the time, I lunched with Gene and there was no indication of a rift. She was in the East with Oleg and both of them gave every indication of being as much in love as the day they were married.

But perhaps the rumors hurt Oleg's pride, as they would hurt any man's pride under the circumstances. In cases of this kind, every little misunderstanding becomes exaggerated until there are open flare-ups.

The parting finally came. There was no definite reason, simply a series of trivial incidents that took on special significance. Sadly and unwillingly, Gene agreed to a separation. She really wanted time to think the whole thing over clearly. But she wasn't content to let it go at that. This was the biggest fight of her entire lifetime, and being a fighter, she wasn't just going to sit back and chew on her fingernails. She didn't want her marriage to become an unhappy chapter of her past.

The first thing she had to admit to herself was that she was sincerely in love with her husband. She knew he was even more in love with her. Then there was their daughter, Daria. Love and a family were worth fighting for. Gene didn't care what the rest of the world might say. She didn't care if the Hollywood gossips were snickering up their sleeves. She didn't want her marriage to be a failure. She didn't want her child to miss out on a normal home life and the love of a father and mother. This thought alone made her more determined

Ward Bond and Claire Trevor, popular for years, doing NBC Theatre program.

to fight fiercely—even savagely—to save the biggest thing in her life. It was the sort of thing any woman would fight to save.

And Gene *was* in a fighting mood. She wasn't going to give up without making an attempt. She had never conformed to the ways of the general crowd and refused to start now at this crucial moment in her life. It was the eye-opening statistics on the overwhelming number of divorces in America that stirred her to a revolutionary type of action. Before this, everyone connected with films considered it absolutely necessary to live on the West Coast as did Gene. She felt, however, that living there was a constant reminder of her broken marriage, that she should go someplace else where she could give the remnants of her marriage a fair chance.

So she packed her bags, sold her house and took Daria to New York. She found a comfortable apartment near her mother and sister. But hardly had she settled down to a different way of living than Oleg himself hurriedly followed. This was the first indication Gene had that her hunch to get away from Hollywood was the right one. When her husband came East, Gene was convinced that now her marriage had a chance of surviving. It proved he still loved her.

Once in New York, Oleg himself felt differently. He began courting his wife all over again. There was evidence of the same ardent and romantic interest he had shown when he met her for the first time. They went out to dinner alone. They took long drives in the country. They visited the art galleries, the museums. They saw many of Gene's old friends. In short, they began living like average, normal people.

Oleg soon discovered he could be happier in New York. In a short time, he had found quarters in the heart of Manhattan's elegant shopping center and established his designing business there. No longer beset by the possibility of losing the woman he loved, he was able to concentrate on his work successfully.

Gene gave Oleg every encouragement he could want. In her pictures as well as in her private life, she was his best advertisement and wore the clothes he designed for her. In New York, Oleg was not only successful but independent as well. He no longer was looked upon as Gene Tierney's husband but as a successful, gifted business man in his own right.

It was all these considerations that helped Gene in the fight to save her marriage. She called off the divorce proceedings when she discovered that she was winning the greatest triumph of her life. And then to help insure the future and prevent anything unpleasant to threaten again her family life, she built a modest home next door to her mother's Connecticut house. Her sister Pat had married in the meanwhile and had built a place nearby. So did her brother and his family. That's what Gene had wanted for herself, for she realized that the American family is an institution which people are apt to take too lightly.

The greatest climax of Gene's triumph came when she gave birth to her second daughter, Christina. To her, the new youngster is a symbol, as well as constant reminder, that she waged and won the hardest battle of her life.

Color Goes To Your Head

Continued from page 17

accent it and by attractive arrangement.

Aside from the color you can add or detract, never forget that your shampoo and hair brush are ways to unsuspected lustre and loveliness when faithfully used. Don't forget, either, a good permanent, a modern means for setting curls, lacquer in moderation for glamourous hairdos, perfume especially for hair, dependable hair pins and nets. These, too, can go to your head—with glamour!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST?

It is American tradition that women and children *do* come first in our national thinking, attitudes and action. However, our present 20% luxury tax on toiletries, a wartime imposed measure, discriminates against women and children. You pay this tax on such necessities as a lipstick, a deodorant, on oil and powder for your baby, etc. A man gets his shave tax-free! A repeal of this tax seems fair on two counts:

1. The reason for this tax, war, is past.
2. The necessities for your grooming, for the health and comfort of your child, are no more luxuries than a man's shave.

If you agree, won't you tell this to your Senator or Representative on Capitol Hill? He is your voice in making our laws.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 25

about doing over her new Valley home, which is up on a hill and is constructed almost entirely of glass walls. The house is being done in monotones, but she has a gimmick that's quite unusual. In a closet which connects with both the living room and bedroom there are four pairs of draperies for each room. At the mere pull of a string, Jane can change the color of the drapes from turquoise to chinese red to chartreuse to floral print, as the mood suits her. Kinda neat, huh?

—o—

When Barbara Lawrence and Cesar Romero flew to Mexico for personal appearances, the gal's mother was plagued with phone callers wanting to know if she'd eloped with the charming Butch. Mrs. L. denied it, since it wasn't true. This was Barbara's first trip out of the country and she was so taken with Mexico that she quickly started studying Spanish, preparing for her next trip. Barbara's divorce from John Fontaine won't be final for quite a spell yet and she's having lots of dates and fun, as a young gal should.

—o—

Elizabeth Taylor, in England, sent clean to Bevhills for a gift which she presented to a young Englishman she admires. The gift—a silver spoon with a rattle in the handle—was for a young boy born with a gold, jewel-encrusted spoon in his mouth; the young Prince Charles, son of Princess Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

—o—

Jeanne Crain's new babe, who turned out to be a boy instead of the little gal she expected, arrived home just as the Brinkman's new nursery was completed. Jeanne and Paul hadn't thought up a name for the little shaver, but he came out quite well. His name is Michael Anthony. Jeanne, who is quite an artist as well as actress, painted the murals in the nursery.

—o—

Proudest father in town is Humphrey Bogart. From the way he acts and talks about young Stephen Humphrey, the impression is that Bogey has an exclusive on fatherhood, which is a swell way to feel if you ask us. Okay, okay, don't ask us.

—o—

The award Jane Wyman received as best actress of the year from the *London Daily Express Film Tribunal* was accepted in London by none other than her ex, Ronnie Reagan, who was in England at the time making "The Hasty Heart." Ronnie's and Jane's young son, Michael, was in the bad graces of his mother when he attempted to improve on one of her landscape paintings by daubing it generously with a tube of gold paint.

—o—

Shelley Winters, whose popularity on the screen is only equaled by her ditto with the eligible men around town, had been dating Farley Granger, Douglas Dick, Tony Curtis and Bill Phipps. Not having enough evenings to go around, Shelley neatly solved the problem by dating all four of 'em at once. She decided to cook Hungarian goulash and figured the quartet would eat quite a lot of it. But she didn't reckon that a pound and a half of noodles was going to crowd her out of the kitchen. After she scraped up the part that boiled over and fell on the floor, the amateur cook still had enough left to feed a dozen harvesters. Aside from that and the fact that one of her guests—and she ain't sayin' which—stepped on and broke her favorite record album, everybody had a keen time.

—o—

Dan Dailey's birthday present from his wife, Liz, was a thing he'd been hankering after for a long, long spell. It's a slide-trombone, yet! Dan packs it back and forth to work and when he has a few minutes away from scenes in "You're My Everything," he heads for his dressing room. In a few days, Dan had learned three pieces on the slip-horn. "One," he said, "with variations." The talented, long-legged dancer plays several other musical instruments, but this is his favorite. Whether out of consideration for or pressure from others, Dan moved his portable dressing room outside the sound stage when he started blowing on his birthday present.

—o—

Dan swears his 19-month-old son, Dan III, is going to be a dancer. The little guy responds to music by cutting the rug in unsure but enthusiastic steps. According to his fond pop, the kid really has the beat.

—o—

Going up the walk to Maggie Ettinger's party for the very attractive Carmen Figueroa and her sister, Mrs. Larry Grey, visiting here from Mexico City, we thought we were being followed by a bunch of kids. Turned out the "kids" were George Burns and Gracie Allen, accompanied by their handsome young son, Ronnie, who were laughing and having fun together. During the evening, we did a rumba with Edgar Bergen while his purty wife, Frances, whipped up some fancy steps with Cesar Romero. Paul Douglas was there, getting compliments right and left for his performance in "A Letter To Three Wives." One of my favorite gals, Barbara Bel Geddes, was telling me proudly about her new car and learning to drive in seven lessons. Says she leans out and yells at the other drivers, just as though she'd been piloting a car around for years. Rhonda Fleming was getting admiring stares from all the men at the party. She was with a handsome attorney, Bill O'Conner. One of the guests of honor, Mrs. Grey, is married to one-time film idol, Larry Grey.

—o—

Saw the newlyweds, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, shortly after they returned from their honeymoon. Di looks prettier than ever, which is a neat trick, and her young husband is handsome enough to be a movie star himself. They'd had a wonderful trip and are currently going crazy trying to get their new apartment all furnished and cozy.

—o—

Kay Thompson's closing night at the Mayfair Room was so jammed that the prominently publicized duo, Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn, were prominently seated at a table on the stage. Also there to catch the fabulous Kay's act were Ida Lupino and Collier Young; Director Nicholas Ray and his wife, Gloria Grahame. Kay, who was only a talent coach at MGM not so long ago, has received some very fancy offers to come back and act at her ex-studio.

—o—

Around town: *At the Hollywood Derby—Howard Duff lunching with his pal and manager, Mike Meshekow. Howard and Ava Gardner aren't seeing very much of each other these days; the melodic Andrews Sisters with each other.*

Lloyd Nolan and Richard Widmark with Producer William Keighley at Radio Theatre rehearsal. Imagine! Dick's no villain in "Down To The Sea In Ships."

Driving out the Sunset Strip we saw Burt Lancaster making a U-turn and being honked at by an indignant tourist from Connecticut who probably thought Hollywood traffic crazier than most. We popped by our local hardware store in Westwood and met Sally Cobb, wife of Brown Derby and Hollywood Star's prex, Bob. She had her six-month-old white toy poodle tucked under her arm. Sal looked cute in a long tweed coat and bright red baseball cap. As we were yakking, portly Sydney Greenstreet hove into view and started browsing among the fascinating merchandise. Later at our market, Guy Madison had all the gals gawking at him. Guess what he bought? Three quarts of milk. Guy and his gal, Gail Russell, are supposed to be romancing again, but you never can tell.

—o—

June Haver has sold her big home. She and her mother have moved into adjoining apartments in Westwood. June bought a new stove that's big enough to cook dinner for a regiment. It hardly leaves room in the kitchen to swing a cat. When June had her large house, her stove was a tiny, apartment-size number.

—o—

They're calling Bill Powell "the boy with ginger hair" on the "Take One False Step" set. He was carrot-topped for "Life With Father," pure white for "The Senator Was Indiscreet," gray for "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid" and now has the new look for his present picture. Bill's wife, Mousie, is getting used to the changes and he's getting a kick out of them.

—o—

During the several years Anne Baxter and John Hodiak have been married, they've never had the same time off from pictures. Usually Anne would finish one about the time John started. So when they found themselves with three whole weeks on their hands they got out of town fast—took off for Jamaica on their first real vacation.

—o—

The Gregory Pecks are expecting their third child, and the Sterling Haydens are also on the list again. Their son, Christian, is now eight months old. Sterling and Betty are looking for a house—living on a boat is getting kinda cramped. Esther Williams thinks her baby will be born on her birthday, August 6.

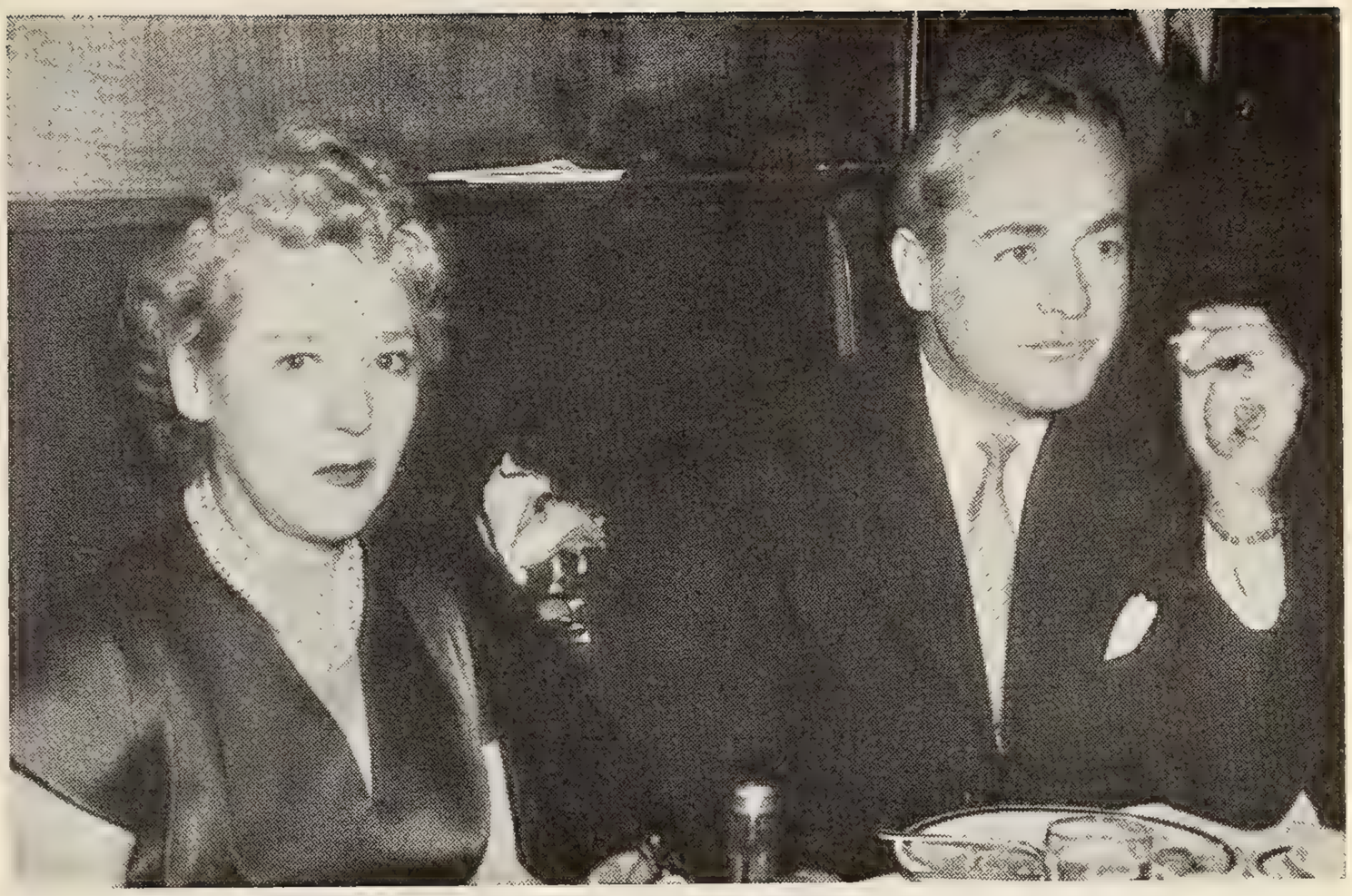
Clifton Webb, bedded with virus X, got a phone call from a columnist who asked him how he felt. "If I told you how I felt you couldn't print it," cracked the always urbane Mr. W.

—o—

While the much-discussed friendship of Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn hit the news regularly, Dick's wife, Joanne Dru, stayed in the background. She did, however, have dinner with John Ireland at Sportsman's Lodge, watching the peacocks and looking at the paintings Harold Lloyd lent the restaurant's rapidly growing collection. John and Joanne met while they were making "All The King's Men."

—o—

While Howard Duff was making "Illegal Entry" at U-I, his mother came down to visit him from Seattle. The company was shooting a night scene on Olvera Street (the oldest quarter in Los Angeles) *and Mrs. Duff waited patiently in the car. Finally she got lonesome and started toward her son, almost walking into a scene. Someone got the idea of putting her in the picture, so they gave her a line to say, standing next to her famous son. Mrs. Duff went back to Seattle happy, without any newly-awakened yearnings to become an actress.*



Mary Pickford, screen's former queen, with hubby Buddy Rogers at Stork.

—o—

One more name has been added to the long list of leading ladies who think Clark Gable is the absolute tops. She's Alexis Smith, who works with the king in "Any Number Can Play." Their first scene together, sans any previous acquaintance and avec only a hasty introduction, involved Mr. G. and Miss S. in six minutes of smooching. But that wasn't what evoked all the admiration from Alexis—none of the gals, in fact, seem to be able to explain clearly why they find him so charming.

—o—

Kathryn Grayson's young daughter appears with her in "Midnight Kiss." And Deborah Kerr's young'un, Melanie Jane, has a little teeny part with Jennifer Jones in "Madame Bovary." Judy Garland's little Liza has already been in a picture. So far, the holdout is Bette Davis, who emphatically refuses to let her little girl go near a camera.

—o—

Mickey Rooney, at the Palm Springs Racquet Club, heard his latest picture, "Words And Music," was playing at a Palm Springs theatre, rounded up a bunch of people, including his latest romance, Martha Vickers, and took them in to see the show. Van, Evie, and the Johnson kids were also at the Racquet Club. Van was keeping the courts hot taking tennis lessons. He's good, too, I hear.

—o—

Marusia, the designer (*and wife of radio announcer Don Wilson*), whipped up a round-the-clock wardrobe for Paulette Goddard's last trip to Mexico. It was so well planned that Paulette got twenty-four costumes into two suitcases. Remind me to consult her the next time I take a trip to New York.

Glenn Ford dining with his mother during recent visit to Manhattan.

—o—

Dana Andrews and his wife are so crazy about sailing their yacht that they took off on a three-week cruise without any destination in mind, just milled around the Pacific aimlessly. Wotta a wonderful way to relax! They finally did sight some land—the Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz Islands, but they didn't set foot ashore. The picture Dana and Maureen O'Hara made in England from the novel "Britannia Mews" is now tagged "Impulse" for some reason.

—o—

More and more Hollywood producers are re-discovering some of the talent of earlier movie days. One of the latest and best to be flagged by MGM for a part in "Good Old Summertime" is Buster Keaton, stone-faced comedian who was a great star not so many years ago. Van Johnson and Judy Garland dreamed up a fine welcome for him, strictly in the old tradition of the Keaton pie-throwing comedies. His dressing room was stacked with every known variety of pie, from chicken pot to black bottom. Their best gag, however, misfired. They'd rigged up a nice soft pie over the door and it was supposed to fall on him as he walked in. Something went wrong with the trip wire and Buster escaped his fate.

—o—

Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw hope to have an April-in-Paris honeymoon. And

Helena Rubinstein presents Silken Look trio of foundation and powder, plus lipstick, in new Rose Mauve.

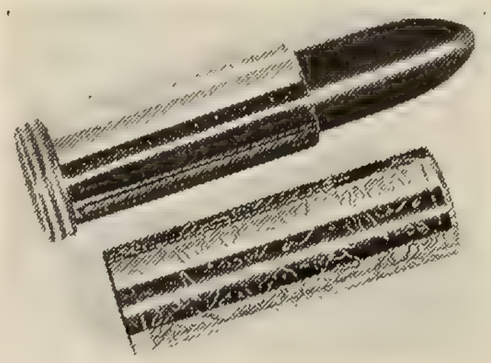
Barbara Gould's Bright Orchid and Coral Flame with Model's Applicator.

GUIDE To Glamour

Touch of Genius is name Revlon aptly applies to new geranium tone in makeup for fingers, face.

Coty introduces delightful new texture in six color treasures for lips.

Tangee's Pink Queen has its place on every dressing-table, on all lips for the cool, sweet moods of fragile beauty and subtle romance.



MAYTIME brings its flowery message in a fanfare of soft or brilliant touches for your face.

Recipe for that silken look—Madame Helena Rubinstein's Silken Look collection, containing Silk-Tone foundation, Silk Screen face powder and lipstick in her new Rose Mauve, a feminine, soft and subtle note. Package complete, $3.50.* Contents, plus rouge and nail lacquer, also come separately.

Barbara Gould brings a soft touch to your lips, and to your pocketbook, too, in the Daily Double. Packaged together are two lipsticks, Bright Orchid, lush, exotic, and Coral Flame, fresh, singing red, plus that newest darling of fashion models, Model's Applicator, for tracing a perfect lipline. All this, $1*.

A new lipstick texture in six fashion-conscious shades has been perfected by Coty. It glows with lustre, glides on easily, smoothly, and leaves a clean, clear outline. You wear this lipstick with confidence. It knows its place and stays there. In a handsome case, $1*.

Geraniums in your window—that's the color theme in Revlon's new Touch of Genius, a name that's quite deserved for this dancing red-red. This color inspiration pervades other Revlon makeup aids, but shown is the Match Box with Nail Enamel and Lip-Fashion, the long stick that makes shaping so easy. Match Box, $1.60*.

There are seven shades, including Natural, in the well-loved Tangee lipsticks, in sizes that range from $.10*, good for the tiny purse, to $1*. Pink Queen, however, is the newest and one that ought to be in every lip color wardrobe. It is a tone of extreme flattery, a kind of fashion accent to your picturesque costumes and romantic moods. *C. M.*

**Plus 20% Federal Tax.*

when you see Susan Perry in "Knock On Any Door" she'll be Mrs. Mel Torme. They were married in Chicago. We went to a party for Marshall Thompson and Barbara Long (*Richard's sister*) given by Dean Severance a coupla days before they were married. Marshall was ordered to report to register for the draft the same day the wedding took place!

—o—

Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy got two weeks off after their wedding and headed for Dallas, Audie's home town, hoping to get rid of two awful colds (*one apiece*). Dallas is also the headquarters of the Southern Variety Clubs, who assisted in the production of Audie's picture, "Bad Boy." If the personable young war hero isn't a screen sensation as the result of this picture, I'll never predict another thing as long as I live.

—o—

Don DeFore's taken to pipe smoking since he got badly burned by a cigarette while he was driving home. Not only did he ruin a new sport coat, but he is also minus a patch of his own skin.

—o—

We had a fine time at the party given by one of Hollywood's most famous voice coaches, Major Herbert Wall. He has a vast house off Laurel Canyon where his students can sing as loud as they want to. During the evening we heard everything from arias, to cowboy, to bebop. Major Wall's famous sister, Corinna Mura, had the joint jumping with her exciting Brazilian songs—she is also a brilliant guitarist. Later, much later, the Carioca Boys headed by Jose Oleveras (*he's* Joe Carioca *of Disney's "The Three Caballeros"*) really rocked the place with Latin music. Gertrude Niesen had to beg off singing some of her famous numbers because of a sore throat, but Marsha Hunt surprised everyone by singing several songs—and very well, too. Florence Bates sat by and enjoyed it all. And Dick Foote, who some time ago I said was going to be a new find and who just signed a long-term deal with Monogram, gave with several cowboy songs, despite having just had his tonsils yanked. It was a wonderful evening, we said as we left in the cold grey dawn.

—o—

Few nights later we trekked to Pasadena to see the world premiere of Dewitt Bodeen's play, "The Bunner Sisters," on stage at the Pasadena Playhouse. Two outstanding stars of a few years back, Lenore Ulric and Sally O'Neill, were the stars of this wonderful play, adapted from Edith Wharton's novel. In the audience and applauding like mad we saw Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Billie Burke, the Richard Baseharts with Mike Steele—along with several hundred other enthusiastic theatregoers. I hear Dewitt's play is headed for Broadway.

—o—

Outside the stage where "It Happens Every Spring" was shooting at 20th, Ray Milland and his stand-in, Douglas Spencer, were talking. Ray held an object in his hand which Douglas was admiring. "You like it?" Ray asked. "Sure do," said Doug. "It's yours, and a happy birthday, Doug," said Ray. The object? A brand-new toupee for standing-in purposes!

Candid Portrait

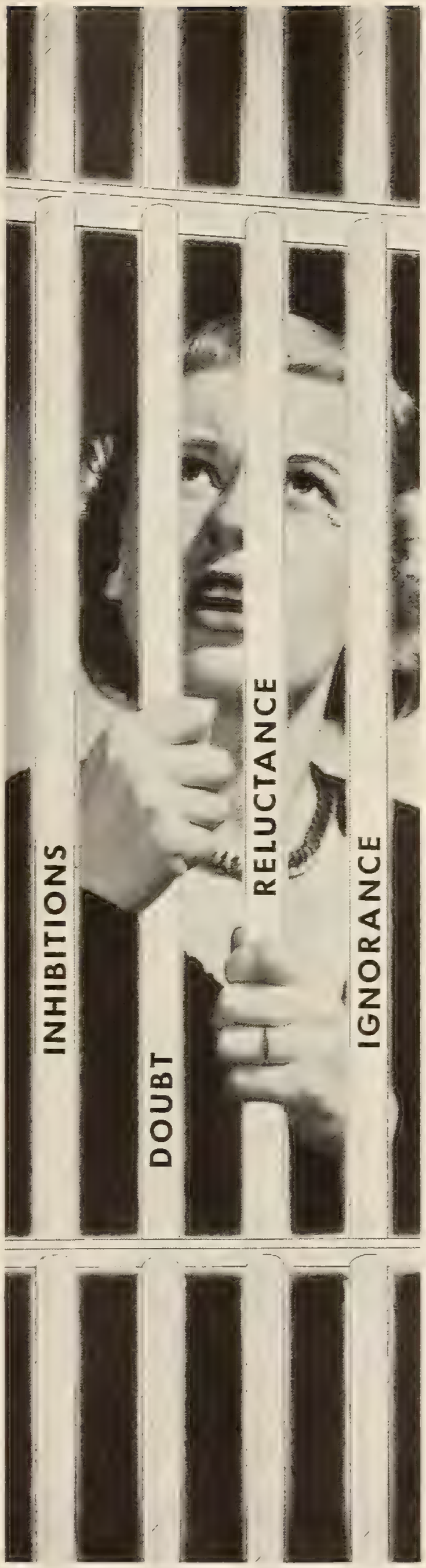
Continued from page 27

done wrong yesterday and to look ahead only to the next day.

"I hope to learn not to worry. To let things happen naturally. All of the good things that have happened to me have come about spontaneously. Everything I ever planned on in minute detail turned out to be only hard work. Recently, I went to a dinner party. On the way home, my escort suddenly said, 'Would you like to dance?' Just as suddenly I replied, 'Yes, I'd love to.' I had a wonderful time that night, too. But if I'd planned on going dancing, the music would have been awful, I'd have stepped all over my escort's feet, and I'd have been miserable. I guess you can budget a life too thoroughly at times."

For anyone who has made such extensive long-range planning in a career as Joan has, the mere idea that that person could be impulsive sounds ridiculous. Yet, Joan is a woman who acts on impulse more than a little.

"I'm terribly impulsive," Joan went on. "And, as a result, I'm forever getting into trouble. There is one particular example of the involved situations I can get myself into. One day, I was having a terrible time at the house. Cathy and Cindy, my two little babies, were ill. I was having problems with my business manager. There were eleven men in the house making alterations. My mother had me on the phone to tell me how ill my brother was. Colby, my secretary, was frantically trying to get my attention all of the time I was talking to Mother. Finally, Colby managed to tell me that a strange woman, very well dressed in mink and with an expensive car, was at the door weeping profusely and insisting on seeing me. I was scarcely in the mood to talk to anyone, but impulsively I told Colby to take the woman into her office and I'd try to get some time to see her later. 'I'll listen to her problems if she'll listen to mine,' I said as a gag, then hastily added, 'You know I'm just kidding.' Well, I did see the woman later—and she greeted me with a bucket of tears. Seems she had come here from the East three times in the last three years to see me but had only now had the nerve to come to the house. She poured out her whole tale of unhappiness, her loneliness. After a while, taking a look at all the men working about the place, all of the scurry and bustle, she said, 'I've never seen so much activity.' I told her that apparently, from what she had said to me of her life, her own existence lacked activity. I said I thought she ought to fill her time with something besides her own troubles. And then I advised her to go to a beauty parlor and get herself all fixed up, reminding her that she couldn't be attractive to others if she weren't attractive to herself. I let go with my philosophy and at last she stopped crying and left. I know I never should have let myself get into such a position. It might have led to bad consequences. But at the moment it seemed the only way out of the situa-



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tion. I've often wondered just how much good my advice did."

We were interrupted at that moment by the ringing of the phone. It was another invitation to a party, as Joan later explained. Joan is probably seen at more Hollywood parties than any star in town. But how they scare her! And that's another insight into a complex personality.

"Parties scare the tar out of me," Joan exclaimed—and meant it. "And it's just as bad when I give them. When I walk into a room where there are a lot of people I feel as though I had on all the wrong things, I become terribly shy, my hands get clammy, and my stomach turns inside out. Yet, such parties usually turn out all right after I'm there a while, once I feel that people are my friends. I'm learning now that if I give a smile and try to be self-assured I'll get a smile and confidence in return.

"I prefer small parties, though, with my close friends to the big Hollywood parties, but I was guilty once of turning out the red carpet. It was a party I gave for Noel Coward. Billy Haines, the interior decorator and close friend of mine, and I worked for weeks on this party. Before it came off I had worked myself up literally into a high fever. You'd have thought no one ever gave a party before. Yet, with all my fussing and fuming, it was the most successful one I ever gave.

"I do enjoy the Hollywood parties, but, unfortunately, the term 'Hollywood' when tagged on to social gatherings becomes something entirely different to the public from a mere pleasant evening. Society in Hollywood is not made up, as some believe, of questionable antics. Far from it. Those I've attended have been dignified and perfectly managed. The best parties here are given by Joan Bennett, Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, Mrs. Tom May and Joan Dozier—also known as Joan Fontaine. As for the hosts, Billy Haines is just about tops.

"Yet, with all the parties I've gone to I still feel self-conscious when I first arrive. If anyone knows how to overcome this feeling I'd like the recipe."

Joan may not feel at ease at parties, but she certainly isn't at a loss in the town itself. She has been a star for a long time and has really had every chance to get to know Hollywood. I asked her just what the town had done for her—or to her.

"To begin with," Joan remarked quietly, "I'm not even sure Hollywood as such exists. It's a name tied to it like an old hat. It's a dream world, a fairy story in many ways—and often not a very nice fairy story, mainly because so many have made fun of it. Yet, Hollywood is primarily a place to me made up of the people I love and the work I love. It has taught me all I know. It has given me everything I have—the good and the bad. We in this business are very lucky, for what we don't know at first is taught to us free of charge. If we have to dance in a film or if we have to speak French in a scene and we can't do either, we're given lessons. Hollywood can be a great education.

"As you know, I've grown up in this town. And in growing up I have been fortunate enough also to have matured. Maturity is, to me, something that comes out of knowledge and the acceptance and application of that knowledge. It is acquiring, with each succeeding year, a wisdom and a beauty. I have accepted from Hollywood the things that were right—and, yes, wrong—and I have learned from my experiences.

"The town has been a challenge to me, too, in many ways. It has put up obstacles and made me hurdle them or else find myself lost in the stream. Now, each new experience fills me with great apprehension and trepidation. Yet, I've learned to analyze myself and my obstacles. To be more determined than ever to continue to progress. And, as a result, I'm gaining a broader viewpoint—I think. I hope anyway that what I've learned has given me more tolerance.

"The one big lesson that has come to me, though, as a result of my Hollywood experience is that I must never completely lose my confidence. Once that happens to you, the fears crop up and you know you're losing ground. Whenever I'm asked, then, how to keep one's confidence, I can only rely on my own experiences and say, 'Dive into things that look impossible, meet them, and conquer them.' It's the only way I know of to gain self-assurance."

Joan paused momentarily, a smile spread across her face, and she said very quietly, "I always thought that I knew what I wanted from life—that is, until my children came into my home. I can only hope now that I'm teaching them as much as they're teaching me."

As far as Joan's plans for the future and the obstacles she wants to face are concerned, which was the next point we took up, she has nothing definite in mind.

"I have no time to set up any goals for myself," Joan explained. "I'm too busy taking care of the things that were set up a long time back. I do hope that as time goes on I'll learn not to take myself too seriously. I still do and it's not always so good. A friend of mine once said to me, 'Stop getting depressed about what you might have done wrong last week. Instead, get up in Expectation Corner and think of the good things that will happen.' That has helped me a lot and has enabled me to stop putting up hurdles in my path."

Outside of her serious approach to life—and that is inherent in her despite any changes she has made in herself—Joan's other outstanding characteristic is her sentimentality. No one can turn on the tears for less reason as quickly as Joan.

"I get so mad at my sentimentality," Joan said firmly. "It's a worse disease than being a perfectionist. But there's nothing you can do when you get sentimental. Recently, one of the local columnists called me on the phone to tell me how feminine I had looked at a party. He said, 'You were a gal.' I don't know why, but the compliment so affected me that I couldn't answer him. My eyes filled with tears and a lump came to my throat. And when Michael Curtiz complimented me on a scene I had done in 'Flamingo Road' recently, I just dissolved into tears.

"A few weeks ago I went to a rehear-

Joan Davis has a choice audience in Dorothy Lamour and Robert Cummings. She and Bob were appearing as guests on Dottie's "Variety Theatre" show.

they recognize his eagerness for an effective performance and play up to it.

Bob is one of the few stars who is actively, consciously grateful for his chance to be in the movies. He doesn't think the stage better, doesn't moan about the provincialism of the Coast. "A visit to New York once every five years is enough," he says contentedly. He doesn't want to switch to directing, nor does he hanker to produce his own films. "I just want to go on improving as an actor. This business has given me everything I have today. Why shouldn't I like it?"

Bob is too modest. I can't help remembering all he himself has brought to Hollywood.

It Is To Blush

Continued from page 35

get all tangled up in a role, publicly and privately. People are surprised to learn that a screen villain like Richard Widmark, for instance, is actually kind to carnations and has never been known to bite anything more rare than a hamburger. It comes as a shock to discover that Edward G. Robinson collects paintings instead of tommy guns. Who would believe Sydney Greenstreet's house pet is a kitten, not a boa constrictor?

"When I read that 'Tatlock' script, and realized that I was going to play a wacky duck, I knew I was in trouble," meditated John in the presence of a friend recently. "It's fairly simple to talk people out of the idea that you're a villain, but how do you go about proving that you aren't a little weefled?"

During the early weeks of the shooting on "Miss Tatlock's Millions," John arose from studying his script one evening and wandered around the house, pausing in the bedroom. Abruptly he charged through the room in which his wife, Marie, was reading, and shot to the kitchen. Having arrived there, he realized that he had no idea why he had made the trip in the first place.

Retracing his steps to the bedroom, he hesitated, scowled, then recalled his entire train of thought: the bedroom window hinge needed oil. He had gone to the kitchen for the oilcan.

Back he streaked past Marie.

"Is everything all right, dear?" she inquired gently.

John explained.

His good wife studied him. "Have you *always* done absent-minded things like that?" she wanted to know, fighting a grin.

"Now, look here . . ." said John. Then he stopped. He was at a distinct disadvantage, because Marie had never let him forget entirely that delightful little episode of their wedding morning.

John had warned Marie to be ready at 11:30 A.M.; he would call for her a few moments later. They would be married around noon.

At one o'clock, the bride, blushing not so much from maidenly modesty as from righteous indignation, arrived at the door

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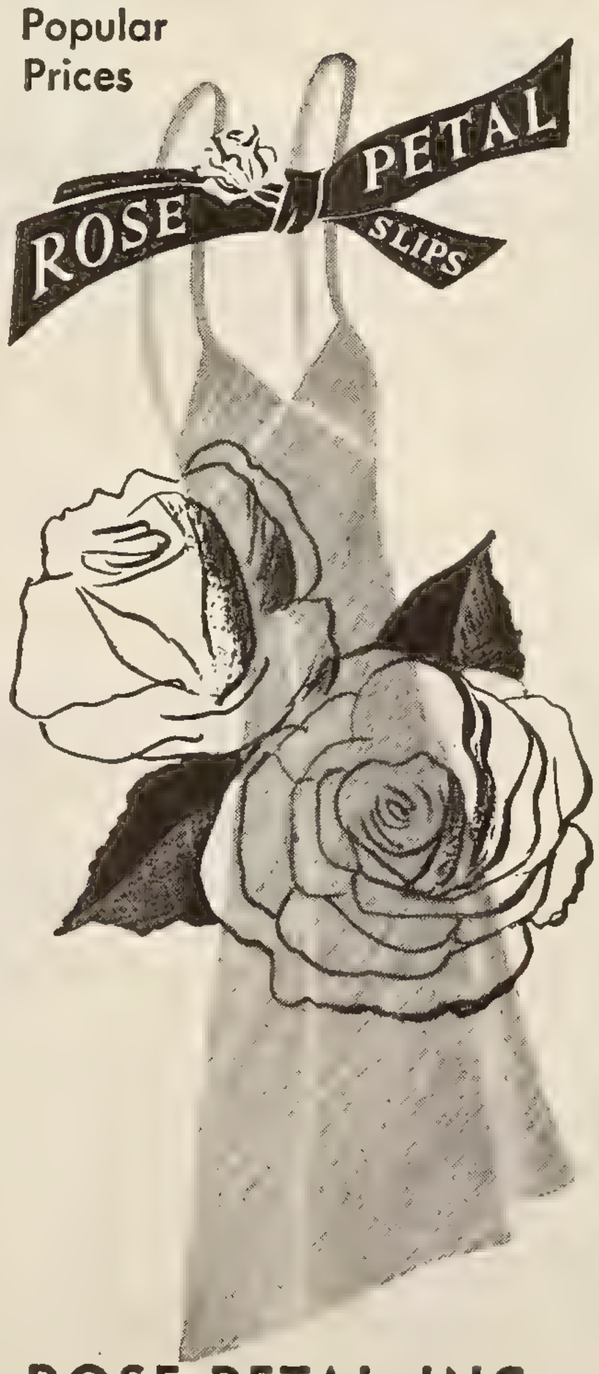

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of John's hotel room and found a sign fluttering from the doorknob. "Do Not Disturb," it read.

Marie ignored this suggestion with a right cross to the door. From within, a sleepy voice inquired, "What's the big idea . . . Holy Moses! What time . . . WHO'S that? Gosh, it's my wedding day!"

Fortunately, his tone was jubilant, or it might not have been his wedding day.

John was still a groom when he earned another absent-minded professor demerit. He was to read a script for a celebrated producer this particular morning, so he was understandably nervous. As he dressed, he outlined the producer's past successes for an attentive Marie.

"But I'll have to be careful," John said, and recited a long list of the man's idiosyncrasies.

He paused at the door. "Wish me luck, darling," he said.

"Are you going like that?" queried his wife.

"My best shirt. My best shoes. My best suit. My best hat. What more can I do?"

"Well, I don't know this particular producer," admitted Marie carefully, "but I think almost *anyone* might be dubious about a man who arrived for an interview, unshaven."

John, in his preoccupation, had forgotten all about his regular every morning shaving ritual.

In this instance, disgrace was averted However, John—dashing to his meeting with the producer—could remember times when his dignity had received a compound fracture, and his reputation had suffered total collapse.

How well he remembered being sixteen, a vulnerable age. How well he remembered waiting in the doorway of an unlighted, time-blackened building for the home-bound bus. Because the night had been dark, the weather chill, and his boredom intense, John had started to recite poetry—aloud. As a matter of fact, he declaimed. With gestures.

When he heard the bus coming, he emerged from his cranny and discovered that he had not been alone. He had amassed an audience of one, a man who was a casual local acquaintance, living in John's general neighborhood. The man followed John onto the bus.

John made a decision. In preference to allowing this man to think him the sort of adult character of sixteen who would stand in doorways reciting poetry, John decided to play drunk.

All the way home, he mumbled and made faces, glowered and talked to himself. His actions certainly gave alcohol a bad name. They didn't help the name of Lund either.

John's ego had barely recovered from this mauling when he became further involved in the mad antics of humankind.

He was walking home from a school function with a very pretty girl one night when she said suddenly, "It's so cold and we still have such a long way to walk that I think a cup of hot chocolate would be delicious. We could stop right here."

"I'm awfully sorry," John confessed, "but I'm stony." He turned his pockets shady side out.

"That's nothing," laughed the little lady. "*I* have plenty of money. Come on." Before John could demur, she had entered the restaurant and was on her way to a table.

When the check arrived for one cup of chocolate for John, two cups of chocolate, a chicken sandwich and a slice of chocolate cake for the party's financial backer, she dived into her purse, told John to hold out his hand, and began to unload a purseful of PENNIES.

John had to count out one dollar and twenty-five cents in pennies to the cashier, a superior woman whose expression read from left to right, "Mice in the attic."

Maturity brought John no noticeable protection against the suggestion that he might be a trifle—er—eccentric.

On the occasion of his first important radio show, long before he had learned the meaning of various radio terms, he was told that the radio company would rehearse, do a show, rehearse and repeat. He had no idea what "repeat" in this instance meant. When the director said there would be a break at noon, and the company would do the "repeat" at two o'clock, Mr. Lund blithely assumed that the actual broadcast was called a "repeat."

Judith Anderson was the star of the show. John admired her immensely, but he was mildly puzzled when—during what John presumed was the eleven o'clock rehearsal—she was far more nervous than one would expect so great and accomplished an actress to be.

John gave his best to the "rehearsal," but it was a relaxed, self-assured performance. He did a little pantomime clowning with the program director, although he read his script with all the forensic zeal in his system.

Then he learned that the "rehearsal" had been the BIG broadcast for eastern stations. The two o'clock "repeat" was the broadcast for the western audience. And at *that* performance, Miss Anderson was the soul of poise, whereas Mr. Lund shook so hard that he couldn't even see the script.

Pitfalls, pitfalls—always there were pitfalls for a man who only wanted to be considered an average, sensible citizen.

When John first came to Hollywood, he was writing radio scripts for one of the country's leading advertising agencies, B. B. D. & O. One evening he was wandering down Hollywood Boulevard when he caught sight of a familiar face.

Both men stopped. The nice chap from New York was accompanied by an exceptionally pretty girl who was introduced merely as "my wife."

Try as he would, John couldn't recall the boy's name; he merely knew that he and the boy had worked together in a play perhaps, or maybe in radio, in New York. Nice chap though, John remembered. Talented.

The conversation revolved around mutual friends in New York, the radio business, new plays. The young man was noticeably silent on what he, himself, was doing at that particular time. John thought sympathetically, "Trying for a picture break, probably."

He debated with himself as to the wisdom of saying to this handsome and talented acquaintance, "I'm just a small shot in the agency, but I know a couple of fellows in the casting department. I could introduce you to someone who could fix you up with some radio work if you're interested."

However, he hesitated. Might hurt the fellow's pride. The moment was lost. After mutual promises to keep in touch, the trio separated and John wandered further along Hollywood Boulevard.

In front of Warners' Hollywood Theatre, he stopped short and stared at a twenty-foot (*approximately*) picture of the man he had just met. The caption read, " 'Janie' starring Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds."

For a week, every time he remembered how near he had come to offering Bob Hutton a small-time radio job, John Lund had the ague.

Just to prove that life can be crazier than anything, John went through the reverse situation last Fall in New York. On Broadway, in front of the Paramount Theatre, he encountered an old friend.

John was embarrassed, having no desire to three-sheet himself, because he was standing in such close proximity to a theatre playing "A Foreign Affair" and featuring a blown-up portrait of John Lund that was large enough to be installed on Mt. Rushmore.

He chatted as best he could with his friend, trying to move out of the glare of the lights. The friend, who had been enduring plenty of theatrical bad luck, obviously concluded that John, too, was down for the count. "Tell me," the friend said finally, fixing John with a pitying eye, "just what are you doing now?"

"Whatever comes my way," said John.

"Show business is a crazy business," said the friend.

"You're *so* right," agreed the man who knew that "Miss Tatlock's Millions" would follow "A Foreign Affair" into New York shortly.

A few nights later, John was invited to a party to be given on Long Island by old friends who were in the chips. "We're having a few friends in for dinner at eight," the hostess said. "Come a bit early for a cocktail. It won't be elaborate, you understand, just a few amusing people like. . . ." and she reeled off a list of literary and theatrical greats.

John, the conventional, thought he had been properly briefed. Plainly, this was an affair in which a man must appear in dinner jacket and black tie.

Because he had left his own dinner clothes in Hollywood, he had to borrow clothing from a friend. Unfortunately, the friend was slightly shorter than John, and some forty pounds heavier.

John, the elegant, arrived at the dinner party wearing jacket and trousers from which his length seeped a trifle too far, and a wing collar into which he could disappear like a turtle.

The butler took John's topcoat and hat and said, "In the library, sir."

As John paused on the top of the three shallow steps leading to the library, a fine place from which to view the room, he discovered that he was the only man in the group wearing dinner clothes. Everyone else had come straight from a business office or the golf links.

When John returned to Hollywood, he and Marie were invited to the home of friends in Bel Air for what was described as "a little dinner, with some music afterward."

Definitely the invitation gave no clue to the fact that the function was to be a musicale with adjoining champagne buffet.

John wore a sport coat and shirt (*with a tie added as insurance*) and a pair of slacks. Marie wore a simple spectator sports dress.

"That was the night," observed John afterward, "when elegant and perspiring gentlemen in white ties and tails kept coming up to me to say, 'You individualistic dog. When I tried to talk my wife into letting me off with dinner clothes, she asked me if I wanted people to think I was crazy.'

"Don't mention that word," begged John.

Said the wretched guest, "For my money, you're the only sane man in the room."

These days, John cherishes that statement whenever anyone begins to strum a lower lip and shout *Schuyler* at him.

Of course, if anyone mentions John Lund around the Paramount lot, there is no reference to such terms as "eccentric," "odd" or "idiosyncratic." All his coworkers can think of is that John Lund has the keenest mind, the quickest wit, the most perfect manners, the friendliest disposition, the most useful talent and the most exciting future of anyone they have seen in a long time.

Crazy like a fox, that is.

Hobbies Come, Hobbies Go

Continued from page 37

served as a wedding gift.

When she discovered the gathering foot, she prepared yards of eyelet embroidery and passed it around among friends for use on peasant skirts and lingerie.

But the greatest thing of all was the button-hole maker. She made buttonholes for everything except the living room doors, and she would have decorated them if she could have found a heavier needle.

Having proved that she was a master of the accessories, Susan was bored by simple sewing machine stitching. She closed the machine, turned her fabrics over to her dressmaker, and has made nothing since. . . . Except, of course, *that* pillow.

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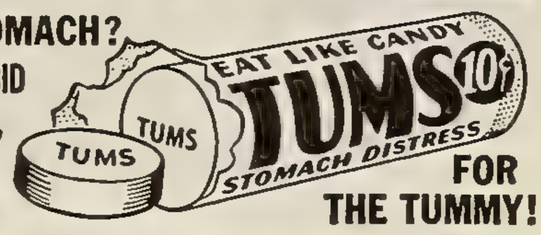

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needed to be redecorated. The drapes were faded, the lounge had been burned, repaired, and pocked again by the cigarettes of preoccupied guests. The walls and ceiling needed to be painted. The rug needed to be cleaned.

"We're between pictures," Susan mused one morning. "I think we could do the work ourselves."

"Of course we could. Better, probably, than professionals," responded Mr. Barker.

They made lists, studied color charts, compared prices, bought upholstery material and paint. They started with the bath house, just to perfect their painting ability. They painted the bath house a delightful pale blue. One evening Susan stitched up a lounge cushion.

The next day, both Susan and Jess were called for studio conferences leading to further picture commitments. The delicate job of redecorating the den had to be entrusted to a professional decorator and his aides. Turned out beautifully.

With the approach of Spring, the Barkers had a bad attack of seed-catalogueitis. Over dinner one night they agreed solemnly that their spacious backyard should earn its own way in the world. They agreed on a system of planting: so many rows of lettuce, so many radishes, so many carrots, beets, onions and corn. A flat of tomatoes was set out as a final gesture of gardening virtuosity.

The garden, in its first flush of green excitement, was a joy to behold. Everything came up in neat rows and sparkled in the sunshine. Birds for miles around, not to mention mites, slugs, cutworms, and gophers, gathered to admire . . . and to drool.

The Barkers realized one table item from their entire planting, and that one product was no blue ribbon beauty. Jess became exasperated one day to note that his carrots boasted the most gorgeous foliage in Southern California. A child of three could have been lost in it for five days. But the carrots were reluctant roots. They wouldn't grow. Just before dinner one night, Jess went methodically down the rows until he found the finest specimen in the plot: it was about two inches long, an inch thick, and colored like an anemic lemon. It made a small portion of a large vegetable salad (*ingredients bought at the market*), and undoubtedly represented the most expensive single meal ever served in Hollywood.

"The trouble with being a gentleman-farmer," mused Jess, "is that if you kill everything trying to steal your crop, you are no gentleman, and if you don't kill them, you are no farmer. You invest your time and your calluses, and all you have to show for it is experience and lasting enmity for the animal kingdom. What I need is a hobby with permanent, visible results. Think I'll take up photography."

"Wonderful," jubilated Susan, spontaneously interested. "I'm glad you thought of it. I think—since everyone else has taken up painting—that I'll try my hand again."

As a student in high school in Brooklyn, Susan had studied art in with a half-hearted intention of becoming a commercial artist. Equipped with the information gained in this course, she descended upon the nearest art goods store in Hollywood and outfitted herself in a manner to stagger Picasso.

She bought pastels and charcoal, oils and fixative.

Scorning such beginner's efforts as landscapes, seascapes, or studio still life, she started a portrait.

Jess, coming to her improvised studio at night ("*We must outfit a real studio for you, Susan, one with a north light and a place to treat your canvas*") was impressed to the point of near-speechlessness. "My gosh, you're *good!*" he said. And, after a moment, "Is there something slightly wrong with the nose?"

"Yes. I know how to fix that. I'm going to do that tomorrow, but I want to put a few more touches on the hair before I quit this evening."

The next morning the studio called before Susan had been able to slip into her paint-daubed smock. They wanted to test her for a new part. From that moment to this, she has neither finished the original portrait, nor been able to find time to fix up a studio.

"That's a shame, too," said Jess. "I had planned to use about half of your studio as a darkroom." His hobby had gone on briskly. Susan had given him a 16 millimeter moving picture camera for his birthday, and his home shots, in color, had turned out to be the most beautiful pictorial record of Susan ever taken.

A friend of theirs, having viewed the films one night, told Jess, "Susan has never been photographed by a professional as well as you have done. The regulation camera has never recorded that magnificent head of flaming hair combined with the shell-pink fragility of her skin. Boy, you really have the shutter touch."

It was at this time, approximately, that Susan signed to do an interesting part in "House Of Strangers" opposite Richard Conte and Edward G. Robinson. The girl Susan portrays in the film is a spoiled, self-willed honey who falls for small-time lawyer Conte, when she employs Conte to defend her most recent felonious boy friend.

When that commitment was finished, Susan could take her choice of a number of exciting offers. One would have been in France. Such an emergency could inspire only one activity on the part of the dynamic Miss Hayward: she decided to learn French. Agog, she rushed down to a bookstore, then to a record shop. She purchased an enormous French-English dictionary, a French Grammar, a volume entitled, "Conversational French," and a box of recordings guaranteed to make one as native to Paris as Boyer in ten easy lessons.

She was still in the *Avez vous beaucoup des arbes devant votre maison* stage when she was notified that the French location had been called off—no financing. Reluctantly, she stored the box of recordings and her books of instruction in one corner of the room in which her easel stood in silent rebuke. "I'll get back

to all of you in time," she promised, blowing them a kiss.

At a dinner party a few nights later, someone was discussing the involved subject of astrology. For some reason, this was an enthusiam which had not earlier come to Susan's attention. She was enchanted. When she mentioned her birthday, one of the more expert astrologers in the group outlined Susan's character, as indicated by her zodiacal period, and amazed her by stating the exact time when certain emergencies had occurred in the past.

"This, I must know more about," she told Jess on the way home.

With her customary thoroughness, she bought every popular work on Astrology on the newsstand, and also searched her local bookstore for more erudite treatments. Difficult as such things are for the beginner, she set about perfecting charts for her own family and for certain of her close friends.

She worked on one chart for several weeks. She found it fascinating, and she hoped to produce a guide of genuine merit for her friend. The only trouble was that everything she worked out on the solar chart appeared to be in direct contradiction to the events in the life of the person for whom Susan was securing what she hoped would be the guidance of the stars and the planets.

Finally, Susan took it up with her friend. "Would the year of my birth make any difference?" the friend inquired. "Because, if it did, that might account for the discrepancies. I never tell my age, you know."

That blithe announcement rendered the previous two weeks work of Astrologer Hayward as useless as a 1912 calendar. Incidentally, Jess promptly began to call his wife "Miss Nostradamus."

As this story goes to press, Susan is still swooping around with her head in the stars and her forefinger marking a particularly rugged passage in an astrological manual.

Hobbies may come and go, but one overwhelming fascination entirely dominates the life of the Barker house: the development and training of their twin sons, Gregory and Timothy.

Anyone who has ever been associated with a member of the current younger generation knows perfectly well no current adult has a chance against one of these, let alone two. In a vain effort to keep even with her sons' mental growth, Susan devours child training books by the pound. When she finds one of particular merit, it is stashed away, dog-eared at crucial passages, so that it is ready for instant reference.

A pretty situation arose last Christmas. Susan was careful to teach them that Santa Claus is the spirit of giving, and that Christmas is celebrated because it is the birthday of the Baby Jesus.

All of this was accepted by the four-year-old savants in good part. There will be no wrench of discovering that Santa and his reindeer will not singe their whiskers on the Barker glowing coals once a year.

However, Timothy was silent for some time after the story about Baby Jesus. Finally he asked with an air of reasonable patience, "Why haven't you ever put up a Christmas tree for MY birthday, Mommie?"

Susan ran for the book.

Whether she found an answer or not doesn't matter because there will be more complex problems in the future. The important fact is that Susan and Jess are two of the most sparkling people in a sparkling town. They can converse on almost any subject with authority and enthusiasm . . . and if you spring something on them—be warned! Within three weeks they will be knee-deep in a brand new hobby and will be comparing notes with you.

Mr. and Mrs. Dynamic, their friends call them.

What A Girl Needs Most

Continued from page 42

kind of attitude anyone has to cultivate around the home, in business or anywhere else in order to achieve successful living.

"I'll give you an example of what I mean by the cultivation of this trait," she explained. "I remember a trip I made a couple of years ago to my home town, Rock Island, Illinois. For four days I experienced a constant round of activity. And after that I was hurried off to New York for another series of appearances and interviews.

"When I arrived in New York I was dead tired. I was so knocked out I was in tears. Early on the morning of my arrival I was called for my first interview, and I was just on the verge of telling studio representatives that I couldn't go through with it. Then I started thinking. If they had gone to all the trouble to arrange an interview I should be appreciative enough to give it. So I did, and I actually found it a pleasant experience when it was all over."

June then proceeded to explain what would have happened if she had cancelled the interview. The writer most likely would have lost an assignment, her studio might have figured she was uncooperative and she would have appeared selfish for taking it easy while there was work to be done.

This attitude is all well and good for June Haver, we reminded her, because of her numerous other assets that have gone a long way towards making her a success. But maybe other girls aren't so fortunate. She denied this. She maintains that all the other gifts she seems to have are entirely developed. Her belief is that she started from scratch with only an ambition to become an actress, and that she had to develop her so-called blessings as she went along.

"Don't get the impression that I am bragging about myself," she hastily corrected. "In choosing an attitude of co-

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operation, I was sure from the very beginning that I was taking the line of least resistance. It simply appeared to me that by getting along better with others one could get farther in the long run. You might even call this a selfish outlook, but I sincerely like people and have always found happiness by working in harmony with those around me."

"But what if you had not possessed all your talents?" we insisted. "There are a lot of people who wouldn't mind cooperating if they could strike it rich."

"Having talent and successfully getting the right assistance from others to help you develop it are two different things," she replied. "Take the example of when I was offered a screen test in Cincinnati at the age of eight. I was wild to go to Hollywood, but my mother thought I wasn't ready for that and needed more experience. If I had pouted about it and thrown up my childish ambition simply because I couldn't get my way, I would have missed a great variety of experiences that made it possible for me to hold down my job in pictures."

The story of what followed in June's life has been well enough told not to require lengthy details here, but to stress her point we will give the highlights. Her family moved back to Rock Island, Ill., and she put the past behind her by entering every talent and stage event she could discover.

By 11, she was producing, writing and starring in her own radio show under the sponsorship of a Mid-Western ice cream manufacturer. This gave her a chance to spread around what she calls her "limited talents." But she still insists that if she hadn't cooperated with her sponsor and given him exactly what he wanted she would have failed. She believes the novelty of her age really put the program across.

The important thing is that the radio show brought her to the attention of Dick Jurgens, the bandleader, and he gave her the chance to do a one-night singing appearance with his outfit. The following year she duplicated the experience with Freddie Martin's orchestra, and this in turn brought Ted Fio Rito into her life. He signed her for the job of girl vocalist with his band, and accompanied by her mother, June went on tour.

"When we arrived in Hollywood," related June, "I felt it was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream, although I didn't have the slightest connection with a studio. But because I had played ball with mother, I managed to persuade her to move to Hollywood permanently, and shortly after that my stepfather and sisters came out."

June even abided by her mother's decision that she continue with her education, but she didn't forget the career angle. Within a short time after she had enrolled as a sophomore at Beverly Hills High School, she had won a city-wide oratorical contest and was working overtime trying to attract talent scouts. But this didn't pan out and she turned to dramatics. She was spotted by a 20th Century-Fox talent scout while she was playing a role in "Ever Since Eve," and before she knew what had happened she was under contract.

We reminded June that her face and figure might have had something to do with her landing in the movies, but she had an answer for that also.

"On the contrary," she laughed, "I was dropped by 20th exactly six months after I signed that first contract because they told me I looked too young. It almost broke my heart, but after a while I decided that I would get nothing by moaning. I knew I would have to show them."

June asked her older sister, Dorothy, to help her. Dorothy had talent as a designer and created a sophisticated dress for June that helped make her over into a more mature looking girl. Rigged up like a modified version of *Sadie Thompson*, June again appeared before the casting director at 20th and was rewarded with a new contract.

"You see what I mean," said June. "If I hadn't secured the help of my family at this point I would have been lost. Because Dorothy and I had always gotten along together, she even went to the expense of buying the material and designing that dress for me. And I wound up doing a screen comeback at 16."

Another odd fact stressed by June is that she has never entered a beauty contest, although she had taken part in hundreds of talent competitions from the time of her childhood until her discovery by pictures.

"I don't believe in beauty contests," she told us. "All they prove, even if you win, is that God and your parents endowed you with good looks."

As for acting ability, June pointed out that she had woefully little of it when she first came to 20th seven years ago. Once under contract to the studio, however, she did something about it. She entered every class available to newcomers on the lot, and still spends as much time as possible going through her paces with various instructors when she isn't before a camera.

"Being under contract to one studio has been a great help for me because of my way of looking at things," she explained. "Most of the people who work with me have become my friends, because I know that without their help I could get nowhere. I make this clear to them, because I really feel that way and can be sincere about my appreciation of what they do for me."

June especially has this attitude towards directors. We watched her go through rehearsal after rehearsal for Director John Stahl, quietly following his instructions and never becoming impatient.

"In a very real sense I allow an expert director like Mr. Stahl to give a good performance for me," she explained between scenes. "I consider myself a piece of putty in his hands, and I know he gets a pleasure out of the knowledge that he can shape my actions into an artistic piece of work. We both profit by this kind of cooperation."

June has another trick of not allowing her crowded days to get on her nerves, and it is exactly opposite to the method usually practiced by busy people. She makes it a point never to keep an exact

schedule in her mind. She takes things as they come to her without considering how many different tasks and engagements she has during an entire day. The schedule might make her want to give up even before she starts it.

"When people start thinking about themselves too much and worrying over where they are going to find time to do everything, they get into trouble," she observed. "I try to think of only one thing at a time, and when that is done I go on to the next piece of business. But of course I'm lucky. I allow the studio to plan most of my days and then do just what they tell me."

She confided another little benefit derived from making friends with the assistant directors, whose duty it is to see that actresses are at work on time.

"If they like you," she said, "they don't call you to the studio until you are actually needed; but when an actress isn't nice to them they can call her to the studio hours before she is supposed to be there. I get in a lot of extra sleep by making friends with the boys."

Having an even disposition at all times isn't as easy as it sounds, according to June. In the first place she claims a person can't stay on an even keel constantly, but that it is necessary to blow off steam occasionally. She makes a practice of doing this, in fact, when she is too harassed. But she is sure she does it with people who like and understand her, and if she hurts anyone's feelings she later apologizes all over the place.

"I put very little stock in the one thing people say a girl needs most of to get ahead in Hollywood, and I'm talking about luck," June remarked. "Anyone who amounts to anything naturally figures he has a lot of it, but it is something you simply can't count on. I have always figured that luck never comes by itself. It usually is accompanied by work, which creates the break in a right direction."

According to her opinion, the most useless thing in the world is a grudge When she does fly off she quickly forgets the incident, and if those around her don't appear to do the same thing she goes out of her way to make them see that they will be happier if they forget unpleasant experiences.

There has been only one notable failure in June's career, the termination of her brief marriage to Jimmy Zito. She knew Jimmy in the early days when she was singing with bands, but apparently he had changed more than she realized when he showed up in her life later. She learned this after her marriage, but feels it would be wrong to dote on her mistake.

But because it was a mistake, she has been careful to avoid publicity about romance in her life since her divorce. When she does appear in public with a date it is always with Dr. John Duzik, a Beverly Hills dentist, who had gone with her long before her marriage to Zito. But June didn't want to talk about Dr. Duzik, and we didn't care to strain her even disposition by dwelling on the subject.

She was far more eager to tell us about the struggle she had learning to play a violin for several scenes in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." It further illustrated her point that an actress gets ahead in her career by keeping her head and doing what she is told. She was proud of the fact that she had added a new accomplishment to her store of knowledge.

"Personally, even if I did get fiddler's cramp," she concluded, "I say thanks to the powers-that-be for all I've learned during my picture career. And I only hope they'll go on making me learn something new for each movie, and that I will be level-headed enough not to get temperamental and balk. Where else but in Hollywood can I learn while I earn? That's why I'm holding on to an even disposition."

In The Spring A Young Girl's Fancy

Continued from page 47

come as much as the type of fur you wear. On the other hand, a cloth coat is deceiving. I have seen wealthy women in simple but smart cloth coats. Your coat should be black or navy, depending on the color of your basic dress. It could also be a strong red or a deep shade of emerald green.

* * *

To Fill In and extend your wardrobe, consider two-piece things that can be changed about for variety. A grey flannel suit and gray jersey top is the easiest "to do things with." You can wear the grey jersey blouse or sweater with a complementary skirt. You can wear the grey jacket with a plaid skirt, and make any number of changes like that.

* * *

As For Accessories you'll need a black or navy hat to match your basic wardrobe color plan. Add black or navy gloves. I beg women to buy good gloves . . . handmade gloves if possible. The difference is only a few dollars and grooming depends greatly upon the condition of your gloves. You should have one pastel hat with gloves to match, for that will change the appearance of your basic dress. And it is always nice to have a flowered hat because it is good in the Spring and Summer months.

* * *

Your Shoes are another indication of good taste, good grooming . . . and the condition of your bank account. If your basic color is black or navy, buy the very best black suede shoes you can afford, and a well-made bag to match them. If your budget is very limited and you don't wear black clothes, you will actually find it an economy to invest in a good pair of light alligator shoes and a matching handbag. Of course they're expensive but they can be worn with *anything* and they last for years. I have

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used the same alligator bag, year around for four years and have worn out two pairs of alligator shoes doing it. Then, budget permitting, and if you like navy, add a pair of blue suede or kid shoes. When you're looking for handbags, remember that broadcloth wears much longer than suede, and a hand-beaded bag wears forever.

* * *

Jewelry Is No Problem these days. A double strand of pearls costs little and looks important. It can be worn around the wrist to look like a bracelet as well as a necklace. There are some very fine imitation diamonds now and one clip will serve many occasions. It can be attached to the pearls for important evening events and it can be the sole trim of a cocktail hat. Never wear more than two pieces of jewelry at one time.

* * *

American Girls are by far the best dressed in the world, but I think there is still great need for clothes education in this country. By clothes education I mean the "know-how" that makes a working girl look as smart as the woman of wealth and leisure. For some reason there are more working girls with this clothes sense in New York and San Francisco than in any other city. Most of them are so simply and well turned out that you can't tell if they have a weekly income of $5.00 or $500.00.

* * *

They Know it is better to buy a few good things than a quantity of cheap outfits. Buy carefully and your suit or dress will be as good three years from now as it is today. Then, instead of buying a $15.00 or $25.00 dress each year, you can spend $50.00 or $75.00 on it . . . wear it for three years and every time you wear it you will have the pleasure of knowing you're beautifully dressed.

* * *

Men Also Know how to invest wisely in clothes. The average professional man buys one good tailored suit every two or three years, and just adds it to the well-made suits he already owns. You may think men have an advantage because their styles don't change, but the finest and most expensive dresses are usually classic in simplicity. They will stay in style, too; you don't have to worry about that.

* * *

There Are Lines designed to disguise. A short girl will appear taller if she drops her natural waistline an inch. The long bodice that goes five or seven inches below the waist will make the tall girl shorter and the short girl taller. Keep your natural waistline if you like to wear full skirts to disguise your hips. If you have a round face, don't wear a round neckline. If you have an angular face, don't wear a V cut. I don't care for strapless clothes unless jackets or stoles are worn with them. Very few women have attractive upper arms. Their arms are usually either too thin or too fat, so why reveal them?

* * *

There's Youth And Life In Color. A woman may like to wear grey throughout the year. Grey can be very smart but for sheer flattery for your skin, eyes

Bob Sterling with his favorite date, Julie Wilson, songstress, at Stork.

and hair, I could suggest a dozen colors that do more for you. I know someone who always wears grey and insisted that she couldn't wear pink. She bought a beautiful grey dress and was ready to buy another grey hat to go with it. I thought she should wear a pink hat with a touch of grey on it, and also wear pink gloves. On my insistence she tried a powder blue hat, a yellow, a grey and a pink hat. Through comparison she finally realized how the pink hat enhanced her skin. Pink can do more for some women than any shade possible . . . while another shade may be your forte.

* * *

Interior Decorating is closely related to clothes designing, which is really exterior decorating . . . especially when it comes to color combinations. After decorating three homes for myself, helping friends and then doing it professionally, I found that the most satisfactory results are obtained by following one color scheme and selecting color accents with care. In my own home I started with grey in the living room and went to silver, a tone of grey, in the dining room. The accents of color throughout the house follow one scheme. The same thing should be done in a wardrobe.

* * *

Exterior Decorating needs the same use of some color accent, and particularly in the Spring. If you want to brighten a plain black crepe dress for Spring, add a crisp hat and gloves. Your navy blue gabardine suit or your grey flannel suit will take on a feeling of Spring if you apply a touch of white pique and a dash of bright red in a ribbon or flower trim in one of your accessories.

* * *

A Designer must have a natural sense of styling and a sense of balance in color She must know when to zig and when to zag when it comes to cutting clothes. The girl who buys the clothes needs only to know the meaning of good taste and if she has any doubt about that quality, she should insist on clothes that are simple in line. She can always depend on simplicity as a guide. The rest is just a matter of grooming . . . that careful attention to detail. The result is a presentation of oneself that is extremely attractive to the eye, masculine as well as feminine. And Spring . . . more than any season of the year, is the time to do it.

Lovable Bachelor

Continued from page 49

cause he knows he could do it just a little bit better! Withal, though, he is easy going, not tense.

At home he is casual, informal and likes to be comfortable; characteristics which are reflected in his home, an oldish California-style bungalow, complete with front porch, in a quiet, highly respectable but unpretentious section of Hollywood.

When we saw him there on a recent Saturday afternoon, Barry, in blue jeans and a navy turtle-necked sweater, was supervising the placing of living room furniture just brought back by upholsterers. The smell of fresh paint pervaded the cheerful rooms. The workmen promptly left and Barry ushered us, after a hasty apology, to a deep chair, then he sprawled on a studio couch across the room, puffing on a favorite pipe.

"You know, I've lived here six years and hadn't changed a thing, but it was beginning to look depressing. Comfort is the main thing to me, but I don't like a drab look. So I decided to redecorate. Strictly trial and error method. No interior decorators. I know what I want—for the house to look cheerful—so I've been experimenting," our host explained.

Barry has done fine. The living room walls are pale yellow. Big sofas and chairs, some grouped invitingly around a large open fireplace, are covered in soft shades of green, beige and dubonnet. Off the living room is a snug study, its walls lined with books, its furniture a man-sized desk and deep leather chair, and Barry's collection of pipes. The dining room he has converted into a music room. A grand piano fills much of the space, and proudly displayed in a book shelf niche is his Oscar, won for his memorable role of *Father Fitzgibbon* in "Going My Way."

"I could use six more Oscars to fill those niches," he remarks dryly.

Barry's part in the redecorating has been strictly supervisory. He isn't much of a hand at tinkering or fixing. He was moved to try one experiment—a dismal failure. In his eagerness to put more color in the living room he painted a beige rayon lampshade. Just painted it, with red enamel!

"I'm throwing it out," he apologized, "but the new one hasn't arrived."

Barry loves to play the piano, strictly for his own amusement. He had not studied music in his youth but a few years ago decided it would be fun and took piano lessons for twelve months. He sticks to the classics and is very modest about his keyboard artistry. Some of his friends say he plays quite well; his brother, Arthur Shields, says he "thumps."

Barry isn't a hobbyist or collector. His pipe collection, numbering about two dozen briars, is strictly functional. He is an omnivorous reader but gives away most of his books after reading them. "I accumulate them for awhile, then get rid of them when I have too many and they start to clutter up the house," he explains. He reads few novels, concentrates on biography and history.

He doesn't cook and has never been interested in trying. Says he, "I can barely make tea. I'm not a very fussy eater, so I've never had the incentive to experiment with cooking. Except for breakfast I have all my meals out."

Barry has a cup of tea when he first wakes in the morning, but coffee with breakfast which is cooked by his standin, Gus Gaillon, who has lived with him for several years. Barry usually has dinner with his brother and the latter's family, who live only a block away. His favorite food is steak, "in which I seem to agree with 90 per cent of the American public," he adds.

Golf is his game, but he is disappointed that after playing so many years his average score still is in the high 80's. Resignedly, though, he goes on playing. His golfing friends are several retired business men and Stubby Kruger, a stunt man.

Barry used to ride his motorcycle to and from the Paramount studio but since war-swollen Los Angeles traffic has become so hazardous he now limits his riding to early Sunday morning when the streets are fairly deserted. He likes to swim in the ocean, dislikes pools. He plays a little tennis but says his game is "pretty bad."

On movie sets he is known as a man without a temper but honest Barry insists that in temperament he has the "ordinary reactions of a normal man." However, his golf cronies divulge that even after a duffer shot he never really blows up or throws a club.

Fitzgerald is inclined to be extremely shy with strangers. He was flabbergasted at the number of casual acquaintances who began treating him as a bosom friend—in the typical Hollywood manner—after he won his Academy award four years ago. He was also embarrassed by the attention he received from the public so suddenly.

"You'd have thought that I had jumped, full-grown, from the brow of Leo McCarey," says Barry. "People didn't remember I had been in about two dozen pictures before making 'Going My Way.' Make no mistake, I'm grateful for the award but I'm amused at people's reactions to it. Besides, the publicity that went with it made people recognize me and to me that was hard. I used to be able to ride a bus or street car and watch people, observing mannerisms and habits to file away in my mind for future portrayals. All actors do that! My interpretation of Father Fitzgibbon, for example, was based on two priests I had known in my youth in Dublin. Now, because people recognize me, I can't watch them unobserved any more."

It is doubtful that without this avenue of observation Barry ever will run out of ideas for his characterizations, for

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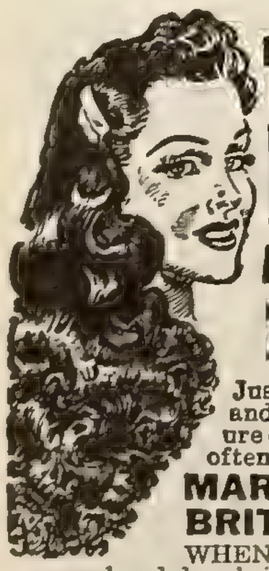

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he has been storing them up for many years. Whether he plays a ship's cook, a disreputable sailor, a wealthy playboy, a detective or a priest, all of his widely diversified roles reflect some of Fitzgerald and some of the personalities he has watched during his sixty years of life.

Despite his Oscar and its attendant fame, you've read much less about Barry Fitzgerald than he deserves, but that's because he never seeks publicity and actually avoids the press. Newspaper and magazine people have to pursue him for weeks or months if they really want to interview him, because his shyness makes him shun them. A pity, too, because he's such an amiable and friendly man, when he's finally cornered. And at least one subject—acting—makes him definitely loquacious.

For one thing, he believes that no one can be *taught* to act.

"That sounds unorthodox and I suppose all the drama school people will hate me for saying it. What I mean is that to be a real actor one must have the spark, the inner ability; without it all the dramatic lessons in the world cannot produce an actor. One may learn the mechanical details of acting technique but these become stilted without the spark, the soul of acting. Audiences like sincerity. They may not think about it or ever be conscious of it, but they do and the actors they choose as their favorites are the ones who possess this sincerity and spark," Barry insists.

Since the enormous cost of producing new plays on Broadway now limits their number so considerably, Barry thinks the only hope of the theatre in this country is the little theatre movement, but this too has its limitations, he points out.

"The average little theatres present nothing new. They produce copies of Broadway hits, partly because these hits will attract audiences, which they need for financial support, and partly through lack of imagination. So the young actors in these rehashed plays do a fair carbon copy of the actors who created the roles. They have no chance to create anything new.

"I really think the American public should be ashamed of itself for this. Surely somewhere in this wealthy country we should support a real experimental theatre that would try *new* plays. When I was at the Abbey Theatre we had eight or ten new plays every year; it was a cockpit for expression. Someone would get steamed up about a subject, usually some local controversy, and write a play about it. Why can't that be tried in little theatres here? We need new playwrights as well as new actors.

"A play with a purpose usually has a better chance of success because it is based on conviction. I don't mean that propaganda plays are necessarily good, but conviction does carry weight."

Barry, as a theatre-trained actor, naturally feels that motion pictures must depend on little theatres for a great deal of new talent. He himself, however, at this point of his career has no special hankering to return to the stage because he thinks it is a much more difficult medium than movies.

"It's a much tougher grind to maintain a characterization over many months, as happens in any successful play, than to do something new every day as we do in motion pictures," he points out. "But to young actors who want to get in movies—and most of them do—I'd say get all the training possible in the legitimate theatre."

Barry, as you may have heard, was graduated from college in Dublin, where he was born William Joseph Shields, and was working as a civil service clerk when he became interested in acting and joined the Abbey Theatre as an after-hours volunteer. For fifteen years he clerked during the day as William Shields and acted by night as Barry Fitzgerald, a name given him at random by the Abbey manager because Barry was afraid his bosses at the Board of Trade might not approve of clerk Shields also being an actor.

It was not until he was 41 that he quit his secure civil service job and became a full-fledged member of the Abbey Players; the same year he made his first great hit in Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassle." In 1931 he toured the United States with a repertory of Abbey plays, was well received by Broadway but ignored by Hollywood. It was in 1937 that he was brought to the film capital by John Ford for "The Plough And The Stars," and he has remained in movies ever since, except for an occasional fling on Broadway's stages.

Barry thinks the easiest role he ever did was in "Going My Way" and the most difficult that in "Stork Club."

"The latter was obvious humor, the double-take sort of comedy. Just expected reactions that were telegraphed to the audience. To me, that's the most difficult sort of acting because it *is* so obvious," he says.

Before he starts any new role he reads through the entire script to get the feel of his character, without learning any dialogue. Then he studies his role for one salient thing, one keynote to the character. On this he builds in his imagination until he has a definite man in mind and *then* he starts studying lines. His effortless ease and naturalness in any role are based on these weeks of preparation, not to mention that spark, or soul, of acting which is natively his!

Two years ago Barry took a trip back to Ireland after a decade's absence. He looked forward to a quiet vacation with his sister in Dublin, with absolute privacy. But if he thought Hollywood was a goldfish bowl, he found Ireland even worse. He was hero-worshipped and fussed over everywhere he went, treatment which sincerely embarrasses him. The only place he found real privacy was on a friend's yacht! He wanted to rest, but he was bothered by repeated picture and play contracts. And he couldn't get a good cup of coffee.

"Of course the tea was wonderful. We don't make good tea in the United States, but neither do they make decent coffee in Europe," says he.

Barry Fitzgerald was glad to get back to Hollywood, where he can blame his bad tea on his own brewing—and where his neighbors are nice friendly people who take him for granted and don't treat him like a movie star!

Continued from page 15

really gets going this time—so much so that Holden is ordered to bring him back dead or alive. Rather than gun for the man who once was his friend, Holden takes a jail sentence instead, and Bendix volunteers for the job. Carey kills him, sends the body back and that's all Holden needs to change his mind. The love interest is supplied by Mona Freeman who loves Carey, but out of necessity, switches to Holden in the finale.

A Woman's Secret

RKO

RATHER confusing but, nevertheless, a fair picture of a head-strong singer, Gloria Grahame, who is discovered and groomed for stardom under the joint tutelage of Melvyn Douglas and ex-singer Maureen O'Hara. When Gloria is found critically shot, Maureen confesses to the shooting. Melvyn is the only one who doesn't believe that she is capable of such a deed. He tries to convince the police inspector but to no avail. It's fortunate for Maureen that a young man suddenly appears at the hospital and the truth is soon known: Gloria is secretly married but in love with a wealthy, brilliant lawyer who wants to marry her. Afraid to let anyone know she was married, she tried to kill herself. Maureen was only being noble to protect her protege from scandal, and there you have it. . . .

Red Canyon
(Technicolor)

Universal-International

ANOTHER hoss picture—and good, too! Ann Blyth, the tomboy daughter of horse-breeder George Brent, tames a wild horse and a cynical young man, Howard Duff. At first, Ann and Howard don't seem to hit it off too well, but when he finally makes good his promise to bring in Black Velvet, the wildest horse roaming the range, Ann takes a hand in the proceedings and together they manage to (1) train the horse so he'll race against her father's prize stallion, and (2) fall in love.

Everything looks rosy, but Howard is holding out the fact that he is a member of the notorious Cordt family, a pack of no-good hoss thieves who once raided her father's ranch and caused the death of Ann's mother. Just before the race, he breaks down and tells all. Love wins out and Ann rides Black Velvet to victory. Unfortunately, the bad side of the Cordt family is present at the race, too—pappy and brother who aim to raid the stables. Do they? Does Howard get Ann? Does Black Velvet race again?

Go to your neighborhood theatre and learn the answers!

Red Pony
(Technicolor)

Republic

AN excellently-done yarn about a boy, Peter Miles, and his pony, Gabilan. However, this isn't one of those ordinary run-of-the-mill animal stories, by any means. Based on a novel by John Steinbeck, the pony becomes the focal point of complex human relationships at the ranch. The boy's father, Sheppard Strudwick, a former schoolteacher never able to adapt himself to ranch life, resents the fact that his son turns to the hired hand, Robert Mitchum, for guidance and care of the pony. Myrna Loy, the wife, tries to smooth over Strudwick's ruffled feelings but she, too, fails.

When the pony becomes ill and dies, the boy, thinking Mitchum has failed him, gains comfort from his father who for the first time feels necessary to his family. But it isn't until Mitchum presents the boy with a new-born colt that everything settles down and a new and better relationship begins. Louis Calhern, as the grandfather, is one of the many good features in this.

The Green Promise

RKO

IS a surprisingly good account of how the 4-H Clubs and advanced scientific agriculture are bettering the lives of farmers and the soil of our country. Walter Brennan is a stubborn farmer who clings to ignorance and backward ideas. Despite the advice of county agricultural agent Robert Paige he goes ahead and cuts down the timber on his land, which prevents soil erosion, thereby placing his farm and land in danger. Two things Paige does manage to do, is to get little Natalie Wood, the youngest of Brennan's four children, to join a 4-H Club and start raising a pair of prize lambs, and also gets the oldest daughter, Marguerite Chapman, to fall in love with him. Neither of which Brennan likes until a storm and the subsequent ruination of his farm, and almost his family, makes him see the light.

El Paso

Paramount

GUESS what?! Yup! ANOTHER Western! John Payne, a lawyer, comes to El Paso merely on a routine case, and is so incensed by the kangaroo-type court and justice he sees, that he remains, hoping to bring some law to the city. Gail Russell, the daughter of the besotted judge who knows from nothing once he has a few under his belt, thinks Payne's idea is wonderful, but her other suitor is Sterling Hayden, the chap who's

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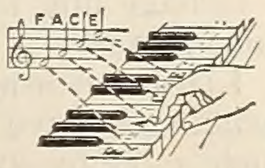

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running the town his way, see? In an attempt to show the people that they must rise against tyrant Hayden, Payne induces a fugitive, who is innocent in the first place, to return to El Paso where he'll get a fair trial. He sees to it that the judge is sobered up and stays that way. The judge, back in his old stride, frees the man, for which he gets killed. With that, Payne starts guerrilla warfare against Hayden and his mob. Justice *does* win out in the end, but the corpses pile up higher before that happens.

The Life Of Riley

Universal-International

BASED on the radio play series of the same name in which William Bendix also stars, this is a not too funny comedy about an average American—and we use the word "average" loosely—and his family. Bendix is always getting into trouble but not nearly so bad as when he decides he is going to become a big time operator instead of a mere factory employee. It's because of this desire that his daughter almost marries the boss's son, a weak-chinned heel who will get enough money if he "settles" down to pay off his gambling debts. The marriage doesn't take place because just in the old nick of time, Daddy Bendix discovers the young man's plan. Once his family is happy again, Bendix decides he wasn't cut out to be a BTO and settles for a foreman's job at the plant.

Massacre River

Monogram

OH NO! . . . . it seems there were three (*count 'em—3*) young cavalry officers serving in the Plains Indian country after the Civil War: Rory Calhoun, Guy Madison and Johnny Sands. They are very close, devoted friends. Johnny has a sister who becomes engaged to Guy. However, he meets another, breaks his engagement and weds. Furious at the treatment his sister received, Johnny sets out after Guy and instead of killing him, gets killed by Guy's wife, Cathy Downs, who is trying to defend her spouse. Then, Rory, thinking Guy killed Johnny, sets out after the couple. Just as he catches up with Guy and his wife, the trio is set upon by a hostile Indian war party. During the battle, Rory learns that his friend is innocent when Mrs. Guy confesses after she has been fatally wounded. The Indians disperse leaving Rory and Guy . . . and I sincerely hope that that takes care of these people who pal around in threes!

Miss Mink Of 1949

20th Century-Fox

MIGHT be timely with all these give-away shows on radio, but that's where its usefulness ends. There are two henpecked husbands, one of whose wife wins a $20,000 mink coat in a slogan contest and the other's who wants the same coat at any cost. Jimmy Lydon and Richard Lane are the husbands, and Lois Collier and June Storey are the wives. How Jimmy tries to get his wife to sell her coat and how Lane tries to buy it takes up half the film. Then, they join forces and decide to steal the coat in order to save more wear and tear on their nervous systems. What follows after that is a free-for-all, in more ways than one, winding up in the local clink, and laugh? Gee, hey! I thought I'd die!

Cobina Wright's Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

father who is in the Dutch oil business in Palestine. When they signed the register, the clerk looked up and said, "Oh, are you from Hollywood? We have another California visitor here with us."

"Who is it?" asked Linda.

"His name is Mr. Tyrone Power," replied the clerk.

"Not really!" screamed Ariadne, who is a teenage film fan. "Oh Linda, let's call him, please!"

Linda frowned impatiently. "Now, Ariadne, behave yourself. Don't act like such a bobby-soxer. At least wait until we get into our suite!"

Ariadne heaved a sigh of disappointment. "Oh, all right, but I think that older sisters *(Linda was all of 22)* never want a girl to have any fun."

With that the two of them were escorted upstairs and started to unpack. But if you think Ariadne was a chastened girl, you're sadly mistaken. She's just as impulsive as Linda and just as headstrong. Linda stepped out of the room for a minute and when she returned, she found Ariadne on the phone.

"Whom are you calling?" demanded Linda, knowing that her little sister didn't know anyone in Rome.

"I'm calling Tyrone Power," timidly, said Ariadne who was becoming a little frightened now. "What shall I say to him?"

"Oh, Ariadne," wailed Linda, "won't you ever learn? Here give me the phone!"

So, when Tyrone said "hello" from his room, he got a very apologetic response from the girl who was to play such an important part in his life. Sensing that she was embarrassed, he asked her to join him downstairs for a cocktail and to bring her autograph-hungry sister for a lime water.

Tyrone was fascinated right from the start, although they had met before. As Linda said, "You undoubtedly don't recall, but we have met before, Mr. Power."

"Where?" asked Ty. "I'm sure I would remember."

"It was at a party in Hollywood," replied Linda.

"At what party?" demanded Ty.

"One at your house," said Linda impishly. "I even signed your guest register!"

Tyrone insisted that this was impossible, but had to confess that they later

The John Hodiaks (Anne Baxter) enjoying Chicago's famous Pump Room.

found it, only Linda had signed her real name—Bianca Welter!

But if that first chance encounter didn't do the trick, the second one certainly did. After that first cocktails-for-two in Rome, Tyrone couldn't wait to see Linda again. Her laughter, her love for living, which she inherits from her Mexican mother, and her almost childlike naivete fascinated him, while Linda was equally overwhelmed by the attentions of such a dashing man-of-the-world as the popular Power.

For over a year they travelled Italy together and, with the chaperonage of Count and Countess Crespi, they spent a long holiday at Capri.

The Count, who married one of the famous O'Connor twins, is an old buddy of Tyrone's and it was he who agreed to be best man at the wedding as early as June of 1947.

Linda and Ty had planned to be married on November 6th of 1948, the anniversary of their meeting in Rome, but the legal complications of the California state laws, which didn't make Ty's divorce valid until after January 26 of this year, along with movie contract difficulties, prevented them from keeping that anniversary date at the altar. Perhaps it's just as wise that they waited and didn't take an impetuous step such as Laraine Day and Leo Durocher did. The proof of it is that today Linda and Ty are truly one of the happiest couples I know.

How long do I think this happiness will last? I can't say, but I will say that I believe that this will be one marriage that will continue—principally because both Linda and Ty have grown up.

I first knew Linda when Tony Martin brought her to my house and I thought she was charming, but a little on the madcap side.

Linda is a much more mature girl today. She's still vivacious and active, but she has a serious interest in promoting her husband's career. As she says, "Two actors in one family won't work. Besides, I want to have a real family of my own!"

So the lovely Linda is abandoning all ideas about facing a camera and is ready to face all household tasks and domestic chores.

Ty, too, has changed. He still is just as dashing, but in a more reserved manner. His rash and roving days, like those he experienced in the four years of service in the United States Marines are over and he's come home to stay—with Linda!

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